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MANITOU ISLAND.*

BY

M. G. McCLELLAND.

CHAPTER IV.

"TWA lang Scot's miles and a bittock" from the borders of the swamp was the village of Morley, called after the town of that name in the West Riding of Yorkshire, from the vicinity of which most of the settlers here-away had come. The American representative of the English town was a place of several hundred inhabitants, too small to be incorporated, but immensely consequential and opinionated. Its principal industries were two lumber yards, a depot for swamp cypress shingles, and a large male academy, successfully conducted by one Lyle Peterkin, a University of Virginia man, with a kite-tail of distinguishing letters tacked to his name as long as a man's arm. Morley was also the seat of county government, and had an extensive out-lying of plantations, all with mouth-filling West Riding names, as befitted a people with conservative traditions, and, nearly all, since the war, in a hopelessly disabled condition—mere hulks of former grandeur stranded on reefs of present indigence.

Midway between the swamp and the village lay Manningham, the plantation of Robin Hutter, Esq. In the good old days, when life moved leisurely and men had means for cultivation and labor at

command, Manningham had been a show place, boasting the best-filled granaries, the best cared-for negroes and stock, and the heaviest crops in the section.

The Hutters had been a proud race always—proud of their ancestry, which they traced back to some specially significant leader among the brave Brigantes of Yorkshire, who had defied Ostorius Scapula to his teeth, and set at naught the power of Claudius and his legions. Proud also of themselves, as honorable men and high-hearted women, who revered God and humanity and kept a sharp lookout to windward to circumvent the devil. They likewise held their estate of Manningham in high esteem as being the outward and visible form of certain spiritual entities of value, and were wont, upon occasion, when the company was congenial, to take from its place in a specially consecrated pigeon-hole of the old oak secretary with brass bosses, which stood in the library, a yellow parchment, fairly engrossed, and bearing the royal seals and signature, which conferred this same estate of Manningham upon "one Edmonde Hutter, Gentleman, and his posteritie." And the Hutter exhibiting this would generally affirm, as a sort of supplement, that as a Hutter should receive the plantation from his sire so he must transmit

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it to his son, for the honor of the old name and in obedience to English precedent.

All this, with many other ethical values, belongs to *ante-bellum* Southern days rather than to these. Robin Hutter, the present incumbent of Manningham, could take small pleasure in gazing abroad over his ancestral acres. The scars of war were upon the place, as well as the gentler ravages of time. Heaps of charred ruins showed where had formerly stood barns, gin houses, negro quarters, and plantation offices of various sorts, and fields and woods, erstwhile inclosed, were now a fenceless common, fast growing up in scrub and underbrush for lack of means to keep down the ceaselessly springing vegetation of the South. Even the fields still under cultivation showed galled and gullied places, and stretches where the crops grew thin, for lack of the renewal which the soil gets from thorough and purposeful plowing. Altogether, the plantation had gradually taken on the out-at-elbows, down-at-heel aspect which marks one of the ugliest phases of a return to original conditions.

Any tide of returning prosperity which, as the country settled again after its upheaval and life readjusted itself, might have set in toward Manningham was effectually dammed back by a heavy mortgage which Hutter had been compelled to put on the place just at the close of the war. During the time in which he had remained, still helpless from his wounds, at the house of his father-in-law, that gentleman, a Southerner of the old school, upright in intention and culpably careless in method, had obtained his signature to a note for a considerable amount, for which, in the course of time and human events, Hutter had found himself responsible. The loss of his negroes, the burning of a quantity of cotton which he had in store, and the general devastation incident to hostile

occupation had so crippled Hutter's resources that, when the note had reached maturity, he had found himself literally reduced to the ground for basis on which to raise the funds requisite to meet it. A mortgage had therefore been put on Manningham which had held Hutter in bondage for nearly sixteen years, and promised to continue so to hold him for the term of his natural life, should nothing unprecedented occur to win release for him. The interest on it yearly ate up the diminished proceeds of the place and left the family livelihood to be scuffled for in outside ways.

Hutter did not blame any one, not even himself, and when his thoughts went back to the old time it was without bitterness. Custom authorizes certain business methods—in themselves rather iniquitous—and the general habit of mind in regard to them is not critical. It never occurred to Hutter that his father-in-law, knowing his affairs to be involved, should have refrained from asking him to go his security, or that he, himself, being asked, should have had the courage to refuse. Had William Bartram lived, Hutter felt assured he would have contrived to meet his note, at maturity, himself. But, since Providence and the fortunes of war had decreed that that gallant gentleman should pass into the infinite, at the point of a Federal bayonet, fully five months before there had been any need to think about the note at all, what would you? On discovering the deceased soldier's assets to be *nil*, Hutter had squared his shoulders to the burdens which seemed naturally to settle upon them without any hard feelings or backward glances. It was in the man's nature to subordinate material things and to regard them abstractly as factors in development rather than as ultimates.

It was not of his financial difficulties, struggles, and failures that he was thinking as he trudged along, helping himself with his staff and occasionally trans-

ferring his basket of game from one arm to the other. About a quarter of a mile from the swamp the road forked, one branch leading directly to Manningham, while the other circled round a bit, took in one or two other plantations, and so on, circuitously, to Morley. Hutter paused at the junction, and consulted his watch, an ancestral-looking time-piece with a fob chain and heavy seal, engraved with a coat of arms. It had stopped at a quarter of five A. M. of a June morning of the previous year, with a broken mainspring, a fact of which Hutter, of course, was fully aware, but which habit unconsciously ignored whenever the idea of time suggested itself. He smiled over his own forgetfulness and turned the watch affectionately in his hand ere restoring it to his pocket. It had been in his family for many generations, and he had a fancy that it should last through his time. When Trigg returned to the city he would send the old watch and see what a first-class jeweler could do for its renewal. And, after a bit, when circumstances should permit, he would have new works put in for Ned; the little lad already showed appreciation of family tradition and belongings. In the meanwhile, however, what could be the hour? He faced about and steadfastly regarded the westering sun, lifting his hand and inclining it, with the fingers slightly apart, after a method of taking solar observations common to woodcraft. Then he glanced around and aloft, noting the storm clouds, and roughly estimating their progress.

Satisfied, apparently, he turned from the homeward track and proceeded toward the village as briskly as his defective locomotion would permit.

The atmosphere was still, offering no resistance to the passage of sound, and odorous with the perfume of Chinese honeysuckle which, passing the boundaries of the old-fashioned gardens, had usurped the land, filling every hedge-row with its

white and buff blossoms and uplifting entralling tendrils even to the tree-tops. The road, worn lower than the surface of neighboring fields, wound along between plantation fences, much overgrown, after the untidy but picturesque fashion of the South. Occasionally a magnolia or live-oak, left standing in a fence-corner, threw an oblique shadow across the road, but in no way obstructed such view as the flatness of the country afforded.

Hutter's eyes showed an appreciative recognition of the restfulness of natural beauty, some of the lines in his face straightened out and he drew the perfumed air into his lungs with relish keen enough to generate an emotion of thankfulness. After all it was a good world, and life was good—even with the overshadowing of storm-clouds. They would pass—everything must pass, and meanwhile the breath of the honeysuckle was sweet, and he was on his way to make some slight return for kindness received.

As he rounded a bend of the road the regular beat of a horse's trot came to him, supplemented by the light crunching of wheels on a gravelly bit of road ahead. Hutter drew aside and waited, leaning on his staff. He had a very shrewd notion of who the wayfarers would turn out to be. In a second, a handsome, cleanly-built black mare trotted into sight, picking up her feet evenly and holding her head high so that her eyes' wide intelligence could take in, not only the path she had to travel, but surrounding objects as well. The buggy to which she was attached was an ordinary top-concern, such as is used by physicians, strong and serviceable. In it were seated a gentleman, who held the reins, and a small negro boy. As the buggy came abreast of him, Hutter pushed back his hat and, for perhaps the hundredth time, voiced his admiration.

"Hallo, doctor! well met! I was just going to your place, but this is better. Every time I see that mare under harness

I think better of her. There's nothing like blood after all for action. Highflyer --I think you said; she looks like it."

"Yes, Highflyer, out of Muriel. You know my notions about transmission. I like a pedigree. Salome comes of good blue-grass stock and inherits her powers as well as her beauty."

"Anything else?" laughed Hutter.

"Yes: great nervousness, a nasty trick of temper, and many unreasonable prejudices in the matter of grooms. Dempsey, here," with a quizzical side-glance at his companion, "is a trifling monkey enough, but Salome likes him, so we continue our alliance in spite of occasional misunderstandings."

The negro grinned. He had a broad, comical countenance, with fine eyes and nondescript features, which, somehow, looked as though a ball of tar had been rolled in the hand and places in it pinched up, or flattened with the fingers. He made no rejoinder, save the display of ivory and a quick glance from the mare to her owner. Evidently there was sympathy and comprehension between the trio.

Hutter advanced and presented his basket.

"I know you're fond of game," he explained. "And my boy Trigg is at home now, and a first-rate shot. He took to the marsh in your behalf this morning, and will keep your table supplied while he stays. It will be a pleasure to him. He bade me say so, with his compliments."

Dr. Irène inspected the game knowingly, weighing the ducks in his hand and testing the plumpness of the frog-legs by judicious pinches, talking the while with the gusto of a gourmand. He was not the man to belittle a gift or disappoint the giver by lack of intelligent interest and appreciation. When he had made an end of his observations, even to admiration of the tints and markings in the plumage of the birds, he ordered Dempsey to descend and wend his way

homeward with the basket, inviting Hutter, at the same time, to assume the place at his side.

"I'm on my way to a swamper's cabin just beyond your place," he affirmed, "and can set you down just as well as not. Better in fact; it's the nearest way. By cutting across your pasture I can save a mile, and that's a consideration with a storm in the near distance. There will be no objection to that, if I put up the fence again, will there? Eh, I thought not! Now, in with you and let's be moving."

Hutter scrambled in, with due allowance made for his stiff legs, and settled himself comfortably. Hardly a day passed during which the men failed to meet, but this was the first time he had seen Irène in the open air for several weeks. The doctor's face was pale and drawn about the cheeks and flattened about the temples; his eyes had shadows under them, his hands, while holding the reins in capable, workman-like fashion, showed white and thin at the joints, with a network of blue veins under the skin; his shoulders drooped a trifle, and, altogether, he looked like a man upon whom the hand of illness was, grudgingly, loosening its hold. Hutter regarded him with disapprobation.

"You're off your oats yet," he observed. "I hate to see it. Aren't you picking up your practice too soon? This is the third or fourth time you've been out."

"Oh, no! Open air is the best thing for me. I'm all right—or will be shortly. The effects of blood-poisoning wear out slowly. What can you expect when a fellow neglects antiseptics? I knew better—the veriest student would have. 'Twas my own fault."

He shied away from the subject with a remark anent the coming storm. A man grows impatient of continued comment upon conduct which he admits to have been culpably careless. Some weeks previous Dr. Irène had been neglectful

of certain precautions in dissection now considered indispensable. The result had been a close shave for his life and reconstructed views in regard to his own vulnerability.

In the companionable silence which is a supreme evidence of congenial friendship, they bowed along for a short distance; then Irène laughed out with swift zest. He had queer suddennesses and enthusiasms of thought and speech in odd contrast with a controlled and purposeful manner—the result of an admixture of blood in his veins, perhaps. Hutter, mentally, compared him to electricity—a vital force doing the work of the world in masterly fashion, and yet defying human comprehension. He was a cerebral scientist, and beginning to be noted in special lines of his profession.

"A message I received half an hour ago amuses me," he explained. "It was from the Reeny woman, over at that swamp cabin. Her man is a compatriot of my father's—or, perhaps, his father was—they've French blood, anyway, so when Reeny gets prostrated by swamp gin, and *delirium tremens* is imminent, they usually send for me. He'll go off like a snap-shot some day. He's at the poison end of a long and venomous spree now. One of their malarious boys came to my place just now to report that 'Fayther, the murtherin' spalpeen, was on his hind legs with ther dhrink, a-cussin' of 'em single an' bunched; an' knockin' of thar haid together entirely.' Mrs. Reeny wanted me to come over there and 'lay his speret.'"

"Poor soul!" commented Hutter, "she has the deuce of a time with Reeny, I expect. One can't blame her much for soothing her woes 'wid a drap o' the crayther' herself at times. It's hard to keep straight in a foul atmosphere—which will temper judgment perhaps."

"If they'd move out of that pestiferous cabin and into the open somewhere,

they'd have a better show," observed the doctor. "At all events, the children might. Of all malarious, pestilential holes this side of hades, that hollow in which their cabin stands takes the lead. They're herded like rabbits in a warren, too—and land so plentiful all around! Who does the place belong to, anyhow?"

"Sturgeon. 'Tisn't his fault that cabin is occupied, however. He thought the negroes had used it up for kindling wood years ago. The Reenys had moved in, and been in occupation for two years before he found out the house was still standing. That hollow is on the road to nowhere. When he found out about it, the Colonel remonstrated with Reeny for putting his family in such a hole, and offered to let him build in the pine woods above his blacksmith's shop. But Reeny wouldn't. He thought it too much trouble to cut timber and throw up another cabin, so he's stayed on where he is, and aims to circumvent chills with swamp gin. Reeny is the sort of fellow who must have the corn shelled, ground, and baked into bread before he'll take it."

"Why didn't the Colonel pull the house down, and force 'em to quit?"

Hutter answered after the tolerant Southern fashion:

"He didn't like to. In fact, I don't believe he ever thought of such a thing. The cabin's no use to him; nor the hollow it stands in, either. What would he go and evict them for?"

"Humanity; and sanitary considerations. Does Reeny pay rent?"

"For that hole! Lord love you, no! What do you take Sturgeon for? Reeny's a squatter."

Irène laughed again.

"Don't get indignant. You Southerners are a queer lot. You let a man squat on you in a hovel hardly fit for a pig-sty, and forbear to assert manorial rights, and force the fellow to better his

condition, for sentimental reasons. Genuine kindness would have more backbone, wouldn't it? I dare say Reeny could pay for a better place if he wanted to. How about those little whispers of a camp in the swamp here-away where gin is decocted from juniper berries, with scant regard for revenue? Reeny could give information, perhaps."

"Likely enough," Hutter assented. "Only it's hard to prove these things; and the swamp is mighty rattlesnaky and disheartening to revenue folks. The Reenys are not aborigines. They come from down Florida way. That idiot son was a good big chap when they drifted here.

"Mrs. Reeny's Irish, isn't she?"

"She claims it; and her speech bears her out."

"And Catholic, no doubt," pursued the doctor, who, for some reason, appeared to take 'special interest in the "poor white" family under discussion. "Reeny also, perhaps, as far as he's anything. I wonder whether a priest had any hand in that union."

Hutter sucked in his lips and blew them out again. The subject bored him.

"That's as maybe," he answered, indifferently, "it would take a bold man to put the question to Mrs. Reeny, I fancy. She is said to be gifted in language when her temper is up."

The buggy had turned in through a gate, left conveniently open, and was passing up an avenue of magnolias. The house was in sight with what looked to be an unbroken sweep of verdure up to it. The yard proper was separated from the larger domain by a ha-ha, crossed in the rear of the house, whither the drive circled, by a bridge. The building itself was rambling, with the wide windows and deep verandas which Southern people love. The roof was decorated with quaint little fluted dormer windows which looked as though they might

have been turned out of old-fashioned cake-molds, and, where, from time to time, additions had been made, the walls jutted out in unexpected angles. The oldest part of the house was built of imported brick, square, large, and of two colors, which had been worked along the *façade* into an arabesque design. It was possible to fancy the place, when new, having a *bizarre*, almost a Byzantine effect, increased by the semi-tropical verdure about it, and cerulean deepness of the distance which formed its usual background. Time and neglect had mellowed all to a uniform dinginess, and even the newer portions, constructed of a less tenacious native imitation of the foreign material, offered no contrasts. The spring growth of the creepers was still insufficient to cover up defects, so that many a battle scar of Time, which, later, would be tenderly concealed, now faced the world in all its unsightliness.

It was a grand old place, despite its shabbiness and its too apparent aspect of having seen its best days. A grand old place—still and restful, standing yet, for what it had been from its foundation, the cradle of a race.

Hutter regarded it lovingly, noting all its beauty, from the swaying moss on the old live-oaks, and the burnished darkness of the magnolias, to the tender green of the young shoots, silhouetted against the bricks, and the steel-color of the threatening sky beyond. He glanced at his companion with quick desire for sympathy in his appreciation, and received from the doctor one of those rare smiles, which begin in the eyes, like the dawning of a new day, and so pass downward to the lips.

They had crossed the little bridge and turned aside, on the grass, to reach a side entrance much used by the family. The windows were open, and the sound of a piano came to them clearly. The wheels made little noise, but, with the first notes, Irène stopped his horse and

motioned his companion to silence. It was the prelude of a song, and, in a moment, a woman's voice, a pure, but not powerful soprano, took it up. The words came to them distinctly:

"He took from its nest in my golden hair,
A knot of ribbon blue—
He placed on my hand a jewel rare,
And whispered low as he held it there,
Tender and true, adieu, adieu,
Tender and true, adieu, adieu."

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the song was finished, even down to the bringing home of the soldier-lover, with the "ribbon blue" in a flag-enshrouded coffin, Hutter descended, and invited his companion to follow his example.

"The storm isn't far off, now," with a glance aloft, "and you ought not to risk a wetting. It's going to be a cracker, and, maybe, won't last long. Come in till it's over. Anna will be glad to see you—so will the boy."

For a second Irène hesitated; a vision of the home-like room with its antique adornments and restful charm, and of the woman from whom the charm seemed to emanate, flitted before his spiritual sight and allured him. He had half a mind to accept, and turned his own eyes skyward, seeking to justify his inclinations by atmospheric reasons. The storm was nearing, but not immediately at hand; he had ample protection, in the way of oil-cloths, moreover, and the message brought him from the swamper's cabin had been urgent. The physician dominated the man and he tightened his reins and touched Salome.

"I can easily make the cabin before the worst comes," he declared. "Thanks, all the same, though. I'd like tremendously to stop, but"—with a slight shrug of the thin shoulders—"needs must where the devil drives, and those people over yonder must be in something of a pickle. The eldest son had taken to the swamp,

under threat of having his head split open with an axe, and the rest of the children were hiding out in the potato holes. It will be worse before it's better, too. Good-night. Remember me to the *cantatrice* inside."

"She'll be sorry not to see you."

Irène smiled.

"Tell her I'll be over shortly to try that new duet," then, as he drove off, he called back, "how long will your brother-in-law be with you? I'd like to call and thank him for the game."

"Not long, I reckon," Hutter responded, "Trigg's always in a hurry. You'd better come soon."

Then he turned toward the house.

The room, from which the music had come was an attractive place, with lofty ceiling and wainscoted walls, against which old family portraits, in cracked frames of dingy gilding, showed in fine relief. The furniture was antique and cumbrous, belonging to the oak and leather epoch, but there were some more modern chairs of white oak, with curved backs and basket-work seats, made by the Pamunkey Indians. They had been stained dark brown, with walnut juice, and were cushioned with patchwork covered pillows. The mantel was of carved wood, defaced in places by vandal hands, and so tall and narrow that only small ornaments could be placed upon it with safety, and ordinary people were compelled to rise on tip-toe should they desire to view themselves in the mirror which hung above it. This was of less moment now than formerly, for sight of one's self therein must needs be a shock to the nervous system unless due allowance should be made and the imagination prepared beforehand. The mirror—of fine French plate, imported at considerable expense by the Hutter who had converted Manningham from a wilderness lodge into a civilized mansion—in shape resembled a play-bill, very long and narrow, and had furnished a unique field for

a rather ingenious piece of mischief. During a certain period of the Civil War, Manningham had been in the Federal lines, and used as headquarters by many officers. One of these, to beguile the tedium of a season of inaction, had scratched with the point of a diamond his entire personal history, with his exploits during various campaigns, upon the surface of the mirror. The story was illustrated making scratches of all sorts and sizes, and the effect upon the human countenance reflected therein was that of elaborate tattooing.

To this youth also was due the disfigurement of many of the portraits, with bullet holes in vital places, supplementary mustaches, sketched boldly in with charcoal, and disadvantageous alterations of costume. The pictures, in one way and another, had been restored; but the mirror was marred past mending.

The only article in the room belonging distinctly to the present day was an upright piano of excellent make, which stood in the recess by the fireplace. It belonged to Dr. Irène, and, some months previous, in fact, before it had become necessary to remove poor Mrs. Hutter from her home, had been brought over by the doctor's direction, to supersede a miserable old rattletrap of an instrument of which she had been fond. The doctor's thought had been that the jangled times might make wilder the discord in the jangled brain, while the true, deep harmony of a perfect instrument might prove beneficial.

All experimental and medicinal use for the piano had ceased with the removal of the unfortunate lady; but the instrument still remained at Manningham. He was too busy to send for it, the doctor said, and besides had really very little use for it. Two-thirds of its time it stood untouched, which was bad for its constitution. For daily companionship he had his violin, and, when he wished accompaniments, it would be far easier to drive out to Manningham with his violin-

case than to poke about for a pianist and convey him, or her, as the case might be, to his own house. For the present, at least, they must oblige him by allowing the instrument to remain where it was.

Irène had been drawn into intimate relations with the family, and was a man gifted with sympathetic insight. He could realize to the full what a well-spring of joy and comfort an instrument can be to a lonely woman with a musical soul. It was supplying a voice to sorrows, otherwise dumb, and spiritual hands of helping to burdens which must be borne concealed.

The perfection of kindness confers benefits, as the sun gives light and heat, through mediums so pure and fine that the recipient can absorb it undisturbed by personal considerations.

As Hutter entered the room a tall young woman rose from the piano-stool and advanced to meet him with a pleasant word of greeting. She was his sister, fifteen years his junior, and they two alone represented the Hutters of their generation.

The father's eyes glanced swiftly around the room.

Anna Hutter smiled and replied to their mute inquiry:

"Ned's in the kitchen. Aunt Ceres is in an amiable frame of mind to-day, and graciously permits Ned and Shandy to watch her make cakes. I looked in just now and Ned had a shingle in his lap, for a rolling-board, a dirty lump of dough, and the biggest brass thimble you ever beheld for a cake-cutter. He was supremely happy, and Shandy was cooking the products of his skill on the kitchen-shovel."

Hutter smiled, in his turn, and disposed of himself in one of the Pamunkey chairs. In reply to his sister's questions he gave a succinct account of the doings of the afternoon. He liked talking to her. She had as a natural gift that which is usually acquired by elaborate

social training—the grace of listening “with lips that can wait and eyes that do not wander.”

“Irène looks badly,” he said, after he had told her of their meeting, and of the doctor’s bringing him home. “He has had a tougher time than anybody realizes. And he takes no more care of himself than a savage. He stopped outside to listen to your song, but he wouldn’t come in. There was a case waiting. He desired to be remembered.”

The girl smiled with her eyes.

“I’m glad it happened to be a song he’s fond of,” she said, heartily. “If you’d come ten minutes sooner you’d have been greeted with scales—and even Dr. Irène’s politeness can’t denominate them other than a necessary evil. I’m sorry he couldn’t stop. It’s weeks since I’ve seen him.”

Her tone was sufficiently interested and sympathetic; but there was in it no keen edge of anxiety.

“Yes, he’s pretty well drawn out and bleached,” Hutter repeated. “It worries me more than a little. In his position a man has need of all the physical force he can muster—the strain is so constant and so heavy.”

“He will go on to improve now that he can be out again, I hope,” the girl said. “A nervous temperament, like his, has astonishing endurance and recuperative ability. We’ll be having him as robust as ever soon, and you must keep your eye on him, and give him lectures on the duty of taking care of himself. He will submit to a good deal of lecturing from you, brother.”

She rose, even in the act of speaking, and went to the window. The atmosphere was darkening, and there was a preliminary growl of thunder, like an opening gun after a battery has wheeled into position. The kitchen was in the yard and she turned, with the remark that she must have Ned brought in. The little fellow was nervous in storms. His

father rose at once. He would go for the child himself.

As he was about to quit the room a thought caused the light of anxiety to leap upward in Anna’s eyes. She stayed him.

“It’s dangerous in the swamp, Robin, when the wind is high. Trigg won’t have time to get through, I’m afraid; the canal doubles and twists so. If it comes on to blow what will become of him? Where will he shelter?”

“On Manitou Island, I reckon,” Hutter responded, easily; “he could make that without trouble, and there’s a camp there. Trigg’s an old swamper. There’s no danger of his coming to grief through weather. He knows how to look out for himself well enough. I’m never uneasy about Trigg.”

The woman’s face showed that she did not share his confidence. Left alone, she leaned on the window-frame, holding the curtains apart with her hands, and pressing her face to the glass so that she might, as far as possible, explore the gathering gloom. The thunder growled again and the lightning ripped the clouds open in a long, jagged rent. Anna caught her breath, and a swift shudder swept over her from crown to instep. She pressed closer to the glass and with the eyes of her soul tried to see into the swamp.

CHAPTER VI.

It was late in the afternoon of the following day when Trigg returned. He seemed preoccupied, and, in reply to questions, briefly stated that he had been in the swamp during the storm and had sheltered on Manitou Island. It had been severe, he said, a tree had been struck near the cabin, and the wind had played the mischief further along. He had remained on the island until the worst was over and then had gone on to Colonel Sturgeon’s. The swamp was an

unholy place in a storm; he had nearly been bitten by a rattlesnake.

He made no allusion to having seen Drake Reeny in the swamp. It seemed useless to stir up trouble for the fellow before there should be need. The poor creature was half-witted anyway, and well-nigh irresponsible. He would wait a bit and see if anything should happen.

Nothing did. One eventless day followed another until a week had passed. Trigg went daily to the swamp, remaining a long or short time according to his luck with his gun. He always brought back game, a good portion of which found its way to Dr. Irène.

There had been no meeting between the men, although Irène had written Trigg a note of thanks for the game, and once or twice sent him a message. The exposure on the night of the storm had given the doctor a serious set-back, and he was again confined to the house. Anna suggested to her brother that he should take Trigg with him in one of his semi-weekly visits; but both men appeared to shrink from the proposal. There was no necessity, Hutter explained, he could say all that was proper for both sides. Trigg had better stay away for the present. Then Anna understood that her brother was afraid the young man, once within the walls of the asylum, might insist upon seeing his sister, and that, perhaps, the doctor considered it a risk.

Trigg himself appeared to have the same idea. He had avoided the subject, as a man wounded in a sensitive place will avoid painful contact; but on the night before he left home again he voluntarily introduced it. Hutter had volunteered to put the boy to bed, so that the young people were alone together on the veranda. It was a still night, with a half-full moon, and the air was perfumed with the breath of flowers; there was in it a tender warmth, a sensuous, exquisite sweetness. The murmur of Hutter's voice crooning inaudible words, came

to them from a window above, like ripples of sound, just touching, then leaving, the shores of an infinite silence.

The man sat on the upper step, with his shoulder supported against a pillar, and the girl on the step below him. Her head rested against his knee, and, as they talked, she drew the arm which he had thrown about her close and held his hand in both of hers. The pair were engaged and it was an understood thing that as soon as Trigg should be in a position to support a wife the marriage would take place. They were nearly of an age, with a few months' disadvantage on the girl's side, and so dissimilar that it was marvelous that an attraction between these two should have been generated. To outward seeming there was no point of contact save youth and propinquity.

Trigg's head was thrown back against the pillar and his eyes followed the sweep of the lawn. His thoughts seemed far away from the sweet face against his knee. The moonlight glorified the world, and, perhaps, it influenced his mood unconsciously and he *felt* the presence of which he appeared unappreciative. He loved her as tenderly as he was capable of loving anything outside of himself, and valued her second only to worldly success. He trusted her, too, absolutely, unquestioningly, while his attitude toward the rest of the world was critical and slightly antagonistic. And, such as he was, she loved him, with all the strength of a loyal, enthusiastic nature, and, as yet, had found in him no lack. She was gifted with the power of reflecting her own characteristics on other people, and of crediting them with everything she was herself.

Trigg's words were not specially lover-like. He had been telling her some of his plans. The following day he would return to the city, but not to work at the same place as formerly. That drudgery was over, thanks to his own pluck and

energy. It had lasted three years already, which would be that much of his life thrown away but for the fact that he had learned business methods and made some valuable acquaintances. It was through one of these that he proposed to work himself into something better and more remunerative. At last he had found a gap in the quickset of circumstances through which to escape into the road leading upward to success.

He did not say that his efforts were, or would be, for her sake, that his longing for prosperity was instigated by desire to make life beautiful and easy for her, that success was valuable only so far as it could be made the servant of love. But she was quite sure that he intended her to understand all that, and so entered happily into the hopefulness of his mood, supplying all his deficiencies, unconsciously, out of her own abundance. She did not even notice that he confined himself to generalities, and that, barring the fact that he was going into some new business under the tutelage of a man named Anselm, who had to do with shipping and fisheries, she knew, with certainty, absolutely nothing. She was pleased with the man's name, her fancy catching at it when it was first mentioned, and twisting it into a harbinger of good, because of its signification.

"Anselm," she repeated, "that's German, and it means 'the protection of God.' I'm so glad! It's like an omen. What's his first name? I hope it fits the other—is harmonious."

Trigg laughed.

"You are as superstitious as old Aunt Ceres," he said, amusedly. "Always on the lookout for signs and wonders. What have names got to do with people, beyond being a convenience? It's foolishness. If *self-protection* be a law of God, though, Mr. Anselm will toe the mark every time. He's as keen as a whetted razor. I never saw a fellow with a better head

on him for business. His first name is Javan—which is Hebrew. Now, what do you make of that?"

Anna could make nothing of it, save the fact, which Trigg supplied, that Mr. Anselm, although American born, was of German-Jewish origin. Her knowledge of name significations was limited. She gayly maintained her position, however, that cognomens might be ominous, and that this one would bring them good. So far, Trigg agreed with her. He intended that the Anselm connection should have substantial results and had faith in his own powers of guidance. He could have told her that god-like elements are not essential to the conduct of business at the present day—that such elements, on the contrary, would be vastly inconvenient, and often impede the running. But he did not. He preferred that she should remain as she was, full of tender enthusiasms and guileless of masculine short-cuts and lapses.

The talk, at last, turned homeward. It had always been a favorite scheme with Anna that they, Trigg and herself, should, in coming years, enable her brother to lift the mortgage on Manningham so that it might pass to little Ned according to the family precedent. Her love for the old place, her pride in it and in her family traditions amounted to a passion. Trigg always acquiesced, without her enthusiasm, and actuated by quite other motives. He was quite willing to do for his own, even to make sacrifices for them within limits. He was fully alive, also, to the fact that it was his father who had involved Manningham. Added to which, if in his breast burned an unselfish love for any human creature it was for the sister who had been to him as a mother.

It was of her that he thought, as his eyes gazed into the distance and his arm lay across his sweetheart's shoulder.

"What sort of place is that, Anna?" he questioned, breaking a silence that had

fallen between them, "I mean where Mabel is? Are the—" he paused, shrinking from the word *patient*, and altered his phrase—"Is it comfortable? Are all the arrangements as good as they can be made?"

"Absolutely so," Anna replied earnestly. "I have been there many times. It is a beautiful place—the old Willard mansion, you know—and has been enlarged and splendidly fitted up. They have every appliance for convenience and comfort. The State has spared no expense to make it a model institution. Dr. Irène is a specialist, a man high in his profession. He has been in charge for two years now, and has things well in hand. The whole corps of resident physicians are skilled and efficient."

"And Mabel herself. What are the arrangements about her? I didn't like to question Robin. It cuts him up so. I want to know if I—if anything—" he paused abruptly and his chest heaved.

The girl half-rose, and turned, still resting against his knee, so that she could

face him. His thought for his sister was beautiful in her eyes. Her face showed fair and tender in the moonlight.

"Everything is being done all the time," she said, gently. "She has a separate room, fitted up with her own things from here. I attended to it myself. Robin is there as often as possible, and I go. She has a special attendant, and Dr. Irène keeps her under his own eye. He takes particular interest in her case because of the—" she broke off her sentence, glanced away from him, and then went on impulsively. "He has been so good to her—Dr. Irène, I mean—so patient, tender and faithful, doing everything for her, *everything*."

Trigg did not, apparently, notice the break in her sentence, at all events he made no comment. The moonlight showed him that her lips quivered and that her eyes were full of tears. He drew her to his breast and held her with a close pressure. His eyes, at last, were on her eyes, and he bent his head until their lips met.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLOWERS IN A BED-ROOM. It has often excited the wonder of the townsman that in our villages during the hottest months the air is excluded from the few windows that are open at all by flowering plants. We have an idea that flowers in a bed-room are unwholesome, and, perhaps, because we have that idea, the presence of them suggests to us a certain sense of oppression. It is now stated, however, on scientific authority that the reverse of this is the case—that flowers are highly beneficial. We are so used to hear everything advocated that used to be denounced and *vice versa* that the theory would scarcely recommend itself on the mere ground of novelty; but

it certainly seems unnatural that flowers, or the smell of them, should be deleterious to anybody. The specimens of air taken from a greenhouse containing six thousand plants were found to contain a less proportion of carbonic acid than the open air. The greenhouse air also contained less carbonic acid than that of any sleeping-room. "We may safely conclude therefore," says the experimentalist, "that a few plants in a room will exhale nothing to injure the sleeper, while the flowers themselves impart an agreeable cheerfulness." This will be good news to many people, but especially to invalids who have hitherto been denied this harmless pleasure.

THE LAST CHAPTER IN TWO LIVES.

THE sultry August noon brooded over the Drayville poor-house. The long-predicted hot wave, gradually approaching from the westward, had burst in all its intensity, and nature lay prostrate and panting beneath the extreme heat.

Drayville was justly proud of its poor-farm. The large rambling farm-house, the capacious barn and snug out-buildings gleaming in their coat of dark-red paint with snow-white trimmings, surrounded by broad acres of tasseled corn, gave the passer-by the impression of the home of some well-to-do farmer, rather than the abode of those unfortunates who by incompetency or misfortune were helplessly stranded on the shore of the busy world. If the poor-farm was an ideal one, the overseers were certainly models of their kind. Daniel Hooper, a shrewd Yankee farmer, beneath a rough exterior and brusque manner, concealed a warm heart. If the ne'er-do-wells and the lazy found it impossible to escape his keen eye, the aged, the weak, and discouraged found in him a sympathizing and considerate friend. He was ably assisted by his wife, "Mother Hooper," as she was familiarly called, and under their joint management the motley family lived in comparative comfort. Mother Hooper delighted in her old-fashioned "posy-garden," and the yard in front of the house was ablaze with color. Morning-glories swung their dainty bells over the kitchen windows, gladiolus flamed in great clusters beside the gravel-path, four-o'clocks and bachelor's buttons nodded at each other by the gate, and great golden marigolds gleamed in the sunlight. Rude garden-chairs were scattered among the flower-beds, and there the aged and infirm paupers were wont to sun themselves during the long summer mornings; some

with serene old faces whose infinite peace even this last indignity, the poor-house, had no power to disturb; some, alas! whose bleared eyes and besotted countenances were condensed histories of evil lives. To all alike the flowers nodded and beckoned, and whispered Heaven only knows what message of hope and comfort, or by their familiar perfume wafted the poor souls back to other and better days. Little children, too, tiptoed through the box-bordered paths, and with coarse checked pinafores held carefully around their scant skirts, bent their cropped heads above the gay blossoms in speechless delight. The mid-day meal over, Daniel Hooper, the overseer, sauntered out of the kitchen-door and stretched himself at full length, beneath the old elm that guarded the gate, for an hour's nooning. Straggling out after him came a motley crew of men and boys who grouped themselves in the shade at a respectful distance, to await the one o'clock stroke of the village church bell.

Ike Prescott's market-wagon jogged heavily down the opposite hill, crept through the hollow, and gradually reappeared up the incline. Ike jerked his jaded steed from the dusty highway, and coolly driving directly through the group of farm-laborers, who scattered right and left at his approach, drew rein under the elm, for a gossip with his favorite crony, the overseer.

"Old Jerry," who had been an inmate of Drayville poor-farm for nearly a quarter of a century, stumbled down the path, groped his way across the yard, sank heavily into his accustomed seat just inside the gate, and, balancing his unshorn chin upon his rude walking-stick, gazed vacantly into space. Ike Prescott adjusted his long, loose-jointed body com-

fortably on the wagon-seat, with one foot swung carelessly over the dasher. The old mare rolled her meek eyes longingly toward the road to the home-stable, subsided with a low resigned whinny, and turned her attention to vigorously whisking flies with her worn, stubby tail.

The overseer raised himself sleepily on one elbow.

"How's trade?" he ejaculated with a prodigious yawn.

"Fair to middlin', fair to middlin'," drawled Ike, with a deprecatory wave of the hand. "Clean sold out all but to-matters, *them's* a drug in the market."

Mother Hooper sauntered out and leaned her plump arms on the fence, keeping a watchful eye meanwhile on the kitchen-window, behind which garrulous Aunty Pratt and poor half-witted Polly Green were washing the dinner-dishes with much clatter of crockery and many shrill bursts of laughter.

"What's the news at your end o' the town, Ike?"

Ike mechanically drew a straw from the bottom of the wagon and chewed it reflectively.

"Tim Nolan's had another spree, pitched his wife out the house, smashed things gen'rally and wound up with three months at the kaounty jail."

"Humph! *that* aint no news," commented the overseer, dryly, pillowing his head on his clasped hands, "he's done that reg'lar this ten years."

"Mehitable Lane, *she* ain't expected to live the week out," proceeded Ike, composedly. "She's a-failin' mighty fast."

"Bless me! You don't say so," ejaculated Mother Hooper. "Poor old soul, who's takin' care o' her?"

"Wal, my wife sot up with her last night, an' she calkilates to see her through," said Ike, thoughtfully winding the whip-lash around his stubby forefinger. "Mehitable's ben a mighty likely woman till that scamp of a nephew borried her

money and forgot to pay it back ag'in. She's ben ailin' so long, she's pooty much run through the best of her property now, but there's enough left to pay her doctor's bill, an' funeral expenses, the 'Squire says. I went round there yesterday an' inquired pertickler. Mehitable allus was high-spirited. She never could ha' bore bein' beholden even to her own kin, an' now she's goin' off all comf'table an' independent."

Engrossed in the conversation, no one noticed old Jerry, sitting apparently unconscious on the other side of the wall.

As Ike paused, the old man suddenly hobbled through the astonished group at the gateway, brandishing his huge walking-stick, his sunken eyes gleaming from his flushed face, and his long gray hair streaming over his bent shoulders.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mother Hooper, shading her eyes with her fat hands, "the poor old creetur' has gone clean daft at last."

Ike gave a low whistle of surprise.

"Whew! Old Jerry's gittin' frisky. You'll have to cut down his rations an' set him to splittin' kindlin'-wood."

Which sally was received with a loud guffaw by the farm hands as they leaned eagerly forward to watch the old man skurrying down the hill as if he feared pursuit.

"You don't s'pose, now, he sensed what we were talkin' about, do you?" inquired Mother Hooper, in troubled tones. "I've hearn tell as how he was sweet on Mehitable Lane when he was young."

"Oh! ho!" chuckled Ike, derisively. "Old Jerry sweet on Mehitable. That is a good one."

"Taint impossible," said the overseer, rising stiffly to his feet, and peering after the fugitive. "My father used to say that he was one o' the likeliest fellers in these parts afore he took to drink. Inherited a big property from his gran'ther, you know, an' run through every cent."

"Rum fetches 'em every time," re-

sponded Ike, succinctly, settling luxuriously back on the seat again.

Mother Hooper strolled to the extreme edge of the elm shadow, and gazed anxiously down the road.

"Never you fret, Marthy," said her husband, soothingly, "he'll turn up all right by supper. Trust Old Jerry for not forgittin' feedin'-time," and the three dismissed the subject, and plunged deep into neighborhood gossip again.

Meanwhile Old Jerry hurried on with now and then a furtive glance behind, and as soon as he reached the valley, plunged into an overgrown by-path that wound in and out through the woods. Even into the dense shade the August heat penetrated. The silence was unbroken save for the occasional whirr of a locust. All living things had withdrawn to some leafy covert, there to await the delicious cool of the late afternoon.

Deeper and deeper grew the purplish flush on the old man's face. Great drops fell from his forehead on the drooping leaves as he crashed through the underbrush.

But one thought surged through and through his dazed brain—*Mehitable*, his *Mehitable* was dying. What though full half a century had passed away since their final parting, when with a breaking heart, but steady lips, she had sent him away from her, foreseeing, even with her inexperienced girl's eyes, the depths to which his besetting sin would drag him down.

Mehitable dying! Why it seemed but yesterday that she wandered through this very path with him. He could see the dimpled face with its laughing brown eyes, shaded by the snowy sun-bonnet. He could hear the voice which had always been the sweetest in the world to him, now bursting into song, now gayly mocking the birds in the branches overhead. All the intervening years of degradation were a deep, black gulf

separating him from those days of innocent love and pure happiness.

On and on, over brake and through thicket the old man pressed, developing a strength that had not been his for a double decade. The path ended abruptly on a rise of land overlooking the village. Old Jerry paused, steadied himself on his stout stick, and gazed hungrily over the landscape.

Yes, there was the brown cottage, even his dim eyes could perceive it, almost unchanged since the old days. Father, mother, and sisters had gone one by one, until *Mehitable* dwelt alone, entering, after her broken engagement, into a monotonous round of duties, and continuing therein even until her last illness. Never had one doubt or regret for her decision disturbed her quietude. She dared not have chosen otherwise, but the old love had filled her heart so completely that no new affection could enter there. The same strong will that enabled her to put happiness away from her carried her unflinchingly through the long, lonely years.

Old Jerry hastened on, tottering over the rickety bridge that crossed the brook, round the familiar corner by the mill, up the quiet maple-shaded country road, until he stood at length upon the broad-flagged door-stone his feet had so often pressed. The door stood ajar, for "Ike's wife," taking advantage while her patient dozed, had darted across the meadow to her own home for fresh supplies.

He pushed open the door with trembling fingers, and stumbled into the well-remembered kitchen. *Mehitable's* sleek gray cat bounded from her cushion on the broad window-seat and purred caressingly about his shuffling feet, half-tripping him as he groped his way toward the familiar parlór. Like one in a dream he stood within the darkened room, his weak eyes blinking helplessly after the glaring light. Gradually, as he became accus-

tomed to the darkness, he discerned the dim outline of a figure on the couch between the windows. He fumbled blindly across the room and sank heavily into a low chair beside it.

Mehitable slept tranquilly on, as Old Jerry bent breathlessly above her. The pale, faded face framed in by the snowy cap, the silvery hair, the sunken cheeks vanished from his vision—he saw only the fair girl-love of his youth. The heavy walking-stick slipped from his uncertain grasp, and fell with a crash to the floor.

Mehitable calmly opened her eyes, her slow gaze fastened on his face inquiringly.

"Hitty, Hitty, dear," he murmured, brokenly, laying a shaking hand on her blue-veined, wrinkled one. A look of glad recognition slowly dawned in her faded eyes, and her limp fingers closed upon his with a feeble pressure.

"Jerry!" she whispered, faintly, "I knew you would come to me."

To her eyes fast growing dim to all earthly scenes, Heaven in its mercy had idealized the poor broken wreck of manhood, and in the heavy besotted countenance she beheld once more her gallant young lover. The afternoon waned, Mehitable drifted off again into that unnatural heavy slumber, Old Jerry's head sank against the cushioned chair-back and he too slept peacefully, still clasping those frail fingers. "Ike's wife" had long since returned, peeped through the door to find her charge quietly sleeping, and silently withdrawn.

Old Jerry was effectually screened from observation by the high back of the great easy-chair. Clouds drifted over the sun and a light breeze rustled the woodbine outside the window. Still Mehitable slept tranquilly on, the feeble breath grew shorter, fluttered, ceased. "Ike's wife," after many an uneasy glance at the kitchen-clock, prepared a cup of gruel

and entered the sick-room. She drew back appalled, for one had been before her, even the Angel of Death, and set his seal on both aged faces. The doctor was hastily summoned, and in his most professional manner demonstrated beyond a doubt that Old Jerry came to his death by a sunstroke induced by his long walk in the intense heat, and the shock of his entrance had no doubt ended Mehitable's frail life. Friendly hands conveyed Old Jerry back to his old home, the poor-house, for the last time.

"Ike's wife" freely repeated the doctor's verdict to groups of sympathizing neighbors.

"The poor crazy creetur must have kited in jest when I run across the medder," she added, remorsefully. "Anyhow, she couldn't ha' lasted through the night, an' I done my level best by her."

The news spread rapidly from end to end of the village. At sunset the church bell sent its deep, resonant toll floating over the hills.

The farm-boy halted midway down the lane, the farmer's hands fell motionless on the edge of the milking-pail, matrons sped to the door-way, leaving the evening meal half-spread, and barefoot children clustered near and with awed faces breathlessly counted the strokes. The oldest inhabitant listened with one withered hand held close behind his ear.

"Seventy-two! That must be Old Jerry. He was born the year we raised the new barn," he muttered to himself.

The echoes died away, but again the old bell tolled, arresting the footsteps of those half-retained to the duties of the hour.

"Seventy! That's Mehitable Lane. A likely gal she was—a likely gal, poor Hitty," and the oldest inhabitant shook his head mournfully, tottered back to his seat in the chimney-corner, and lapsed into musing.

MARION E. PICKERING.

THE LETTER.

IT can add nothing to their pathos to say that they had evidently been read and re-read many times. This is the letter:

"PAROISSE DU SAINT ESPRIT,

"October 10th, 18—.

"DEAR MISS MCINTOSH:—I am so very lonely that I must write to you, though your name makes me feel like crying. It takes me back to my childish days, and I think of Sister Nell and the nice times we used to have when you were my most intimate friend and Miss Moffatt was Nell's.

"What funny little mites we must have been, and how real you and the other 'friends of the family' were. We used to laugh about it as we grew older, but we never forgot you. When I told Nell I was engaged the first thing she said was: 'Dear me, what *would* Miss McIntosh say?'

"Of course you remember how good Nell was to me when we were young and how often she helped me; and isn't it sad that part of my trouble should have come from her trying to help me when we were older?

"I never told her this, Miss M., for it would have hurt her feelings. Arthur, that is my husband—Mr. St. Leon—is not like other men, and no one could help me.

"You will not mind that I call you Miss M. instead of your full name, it seems so much more like old times. You see, I was only seventeen when Arthur first met me, and he was so tall and grand-looking, and so much older than I that I do not think he understood how very little and insignificant I was—and such a coward, too.

"At all events, he didn't seem to know until after we were married, though I never meant to deceive him. You see, we were not much alone together before, and I was always shy with him, so of course he *could not* know me as I really was.

"He wanted a strong, true-hearted woman for a wife, he says, and not a miserable weak-minded child—that is, a child who would make herself miserable.

"It has seemed sometimes that if he had not been so busy with his inventions, he might have seen that I was not what he wanted—but it cannot be helped now.

"The pitiful part, Miss M., is that he is so annoyed and angry with father and Nell. I am sorry for him and for them, too. You see, they liked me just as I was, and they thought he ought to be satisfied with me *just as I was*.

"I did not know it for quite a long time—not indeed till Arthur told me—but father spoke to him one day about taking me for drives with the black mare he called Jezebel. He told him what a coward I had always been, and that even when I was a little thing he had been obliged to drive a quiet horse on account of the paroxysms of fear it threw me into, if a horse pranced, or went very fast, or anything like that—and I had never been able to overcome my fear; and he thought it wrong to make me suffer now.

"I am sure poor father did it out of kindness. He remembered the days he used to carry me on his strong arm, to see and pet the horses and so lose my fear of them—his little 'yellow Top' he used to call me then, on account of the crop of yellow curls just on top my head—even you, dear Miss M., cannot re-

member those curls, for they were cut off before I knew you—but it was of no use; they were always horrible creatures to me.

"Arthur could not understand this; he is so brave and strong and likes to drive fiery horses. When he told me about it, he said that if my father had shown a little common sense, and not have let me had my own way about such things when I was young, I would not now think it fine to be afraid to drive with my husband, after a horse over which he had perfect control—or I would, in any case, keep my feelings to myself.

"O Miss M.! it *did* hurt me, for truly I had never said a word to any one about being afraid of Jezebel—but, of course, father knew.

"Then Nell didn't like it because Arthur never took me anywhere; I mean to any little social gatherings. He was so busy with this great improvement in machinery he is still working at—and he does not care for society, and oh! it was unfortunate that Nell said anything to him, for he was very angry.

"It wasn't ever the same after that. Arthur did not like to have them come to the house—such a pretty place, Miss M., and only a few minutes' walk—and if I went home he would not say anything to me for such a long time afterward.

"Much as I loved them, Miss M., in one way I was glad when Arthur said he had made up his mind to leave Holmwood and live in a quiet, retired place, till his invention should be perfected; then go to England and see his mother and sisters. I have never seen them, but from what he has told me they are very different from me, and I think some one like them would have been less disappointing to him.

"That part could not be helped, but I began to be glad I had no mother—it she had lived she might have been sorry

for me, too, and that would have made more trouble.

"It was some time before Arthur found a place that suited him, and it seemed, Miss M., that my heart would break when I found we were to live in *Canada*. You know how foolish and frightened I was about everything when I was a little girl, and I get worse every year. *Canada* seemed such a cold, dark, bitter place and I was afraid to go. It was all dreadful the night he came back from *Montreal* and told me he had found a place for us. I was very tired and I had a headache—besides I had been so lonely and I had seen Nell walk by without coming in—and—and altogether I felt like crying before he came.

"Then I began to shiver—and my teeth chattered—and he said I was old enough to know better than to work myself up to such a state because I had been alone a few days—and, indeed, I could not keep from crying. I tried hard to control myself and I didn't have hysterics; but Arthur was very angry and said some things I would not like to write.

"Of course he was tired, too, and it had been a good deal of trouble to find a place, and he had been hindered from his work, and everything. Besides, Miss M., it *was* foolish for me to think it all so hard and bitter in *Canada*, for we passed through some beautiful places on our way here.

"But I do not like this part of the country at all, and I am sure you would not either, we were both so fond of *Holmwood*, and the trees and hills.

"It is just as flat as flat can be here, and there is a great swamp that stretches away miles and miles to the south, with only a river between us and it. The French call it a *brulè*. It has all been burned over, and there are only low shrubs and dead trees left. On the other side there are the dreariest houses, one after another, just alike all the way to *St.*

Etienne. It is right in the heart of the French country and this was the Seigneur's place long, long ago. It is a big house and there is a high brick wall around the grounds. But they are not really grounds now, Miss M., gardens, lawn, and a sorrowful old plantation in one great lonely field.

"The only time I have felt like laughing since I came here was one day when I had climbed up into the tower to look off, and it seemed just as if I heard Nell say: 'What did the man who built this house expect to see up here?'"

"I lived with Nell so long, you see, that I know just what she would have said if she had been there, and the first thing I knew I was smiling.

"Afterward, though, I felt very sad, for it made me so lonely for her. I remember so many things she used to say, and funny little things she used to do, and, dear Miss M., I do want to see her. At least, I mean I should want to see her if things were different and Arthur liked to have her with us. She was always so kind to me, and I think she would be even kinder now.

"There is a large square room in the corner of the house, and if she were coming I could make it look quite pretty for her. The sun shines in there afternoons, and I would have pretty draperies and chintz-covered furniture; a few pictures on the walls, an easy chair and some rugs. Oh! we could have such nice long talks, and not be in anybody's way, for Arthur's work-rooms are in the other part of the house.

"Sometimes I go to sleep thinking how nice it would be, and lately I have grown so anxious to have her that I have almost begun to expect her.

"It will soon be my birthday—and if Arthur *should* think of it and wish to give me a great pleasure, I haven't worried him at all lately—and ask Nell to come and see me, it would be so 'dear and beautiful.' You remember how we

used to say that, Miss M., about anything almost too good to be true."

"December 5th, 18—.

"My birthday has come and gone, Miss M. I was nineteen nearly two months ago. Nell didn't come, but her niece did, such a tiny little scrap of a girl baby. I know Nell would laugh at her, so, perhaps, it is as well that she isn't here, for I don't think I could bear to have any one laugh at her, she is such a forlorn, helpless-looking little thing. She is pretty, though, and if I only knew how to take good care of her. I know so little about babies, and I'm frightened when she cries. But she doesn't cry very often, and when she is asleep I am happier than I ever thought I should be again just watching her.

"We are going to name her Esther, after Arthur's mother. I think it will be a nice name for her when she is older, and I can call her anything I like while she is little. I hope in most things she will be like her grandmother and aunts in England, and in just a few little things like her mother; else she wouldn't love me—at least she wouldn't understand me, I mean—and I think people always love those they understand the best.

"But she will be little a long time and that is a great comfort to me. I had such a beautiful letter from Nell; and she sent three of the loveliest little sacques for baby—white, and rose, and blue—just what I wanted. To tell the truth, Miss M., the poor dear hasn't many fine clothes. I made her little dresses out of my old white ones, but she is just as pretty in them as a baby can be.

"I am going to do my own housework in a few days, and I am sorry on baby's account. I am so afraid she will take cold when I have her out in the kitchen with me, but of course I shall be very careful. We have had so much trouble to keep a servant—they all complained of

being lonely here—that Arthur thinks we had better not try to get another. He says thousands of women do their own work and take care of a number of children besides. It seems to me it must be very hard, but I suppose they are accustomed to it.”

“June 10th, 18—.

“DEAR MISS M.:—I haven't written to you for a long time, but such a dreadful thing has happened that I must tell some one or I shall go mad—I know I shall. Oh! my poor baby, Miss M., my poor, helpless little baby! You wouldn't think any one could hurt her, she is so little. You never saw such tiny arms and hands, and the littlest bit of a face. Oh! it is too dreadful! What had I done? How could Arthur? It isn't right—I know it isn't right to make a little baby suffer so.

“You can never understand if I go on this way—I will tell you all about it.

“Baby has been very restless lately and she hasn't slept well at all. I am afraid it has disturbed Arthur a good deal, though I tried to keep her as still as I could—indeed I did—and she is so little and precious. Oh! dear, I can't help crying, for it seems to me if I hadn't had to work so hard I might have taken better care of her, and I can't bear to be to blame for it all. I don't mean, either, that the work is hard, for as Arthur says there are only three of us, but I don't know how to do housework and it takes longer than it ought, and I am tired all the time and my head aches.

“Yesterday I had quite a big washing to do and baby couldn't sleep. I had taken her up and soothed and petted her, and walked with her, and—she was so sweet—every time I laid her down she fretted till I took her up again. The forenoon was almost gone when she finally shut her eyes. I hurried as fast as ever I could and got the washing done, then took the basket of clothes out to hang

them on the line. I couldn't help it—indeed I couldn't—there was no other way.

“She woke up while I was gone and I heard her cry. When I ran into the bedroom, Arthur was standing by the bed looking at her, and she was crying as if her heart would break.

“When she saw me she put out her little hands for me to take her, but as I stooped over, Arthur put out his arm to stop me.

“‘Do not take her up,’ he said. I looked at him. ‘Why not?’

“Then he told me, and every word was a blow. I knew him so well—I *knew* he wouldn't change and yet I tried to make him. I begged, I prayed, I cried—and all the time that poor little baby cried and sobbed. Oh! to hear a baby sob! and she got so white—there was no color in her pretty lips—oh! my baby!

“He wouldn't let me take her till she stopped crying, and she didn't stop till she was so tired she couldn't cry any more.

“I haven't told you yet what it was all for. Arthur had written to his mother and sisters that baby was wakeful and fretted a great deal, and they have been telling him how to manage. ‘There must be regular hours for sleep, and there is great danger of undue indulgence, and it is not a good thing for a child to have too much care, and one cannot begin too soon to train a child aright, and so on.’

“Arthur has been thinking it all over—he says he has given a great deal of thought to the subject, and ‘my system, or rather my lack of system is spoiling the child.’

“Oh! my baby! Why couldn't they let us take a little comfort together?

“And now she is to have regular hours for sleeping, and I am not to get her to sleep, not even to rock her in my arms, but just lay her down—no matter if she does cry at first—and let her go to sleep of her own accord. If she wakens be-

fore the time for her nap to be over, she is not to be taken up, and when I undress her, O Miss M.! if you knew how sweet she is in her little white night-gown, and how she cuddles up close to me, and looks at me with great blue eyes just as if she knew what I was thinking about, you would know how I love to hold her when I am tired and lonely. It seems as if I can't bear it. It's wicked not to let a mother get her little baby to sleep in her arms.

"I was foolish enough to try once more to move Arthur. Ah me! my baby! my baby's wretched mother!

"I know how it will be. She is so little and so frightened, and she won't know why she has to suffer—just think of it, Miss M., old as I am, I can't understand why I can't have any nice times, and it hurts me—what will it be for such a little thing, such a helpless little thing.

"The year before I was married, Lou Scott brought her baby home for a visit; and her father and mother and Nanny and Joan just worshiped that baby. They tended it all the time and waited on Lou—why Lou told me they acted as if she were a baby too, and wouldn't let her do anything at all.

"Oh! it makes such a lump in my throat—it would be so nice to be taken care of and feel rested—if I could go home for a little while.

"I was over at Mr. Scott's once when Lou's husband came, and he was so glad that Lou was stronger, and that the baby had grown, and pleased because she looked like Lou; he said he hoped she would grow up just like her mother. It all seemed so nice and pleasant—I often think of it and I hope Mr. Anselm loves Lou and the baby still."

"August 27th, 18—

"O Miss M.! Miss M.! can't you—can't any one help me? I can't bear any more—indeed I can't.

"It is worse and worse. She *can't* go to sleep. Oh! the poor little thing! She wants to be soothed and petted and comforted. Arthur says it is because she won't give up, but it isn't that—it *isn't* that. She cries—and cries—and cries.

"Oh! I can't bear it! I can't! She has grown so white and thin and she looks at me so reproachfully.

"I feel as if I had lived a thousand years since Arthur began his system of training. Every morning, I wish it were night so the day would be over; and when night comes and she has cried herself to sleep, I listen for her to move and dread for her to waken.

"I tried to read a little to-day in a book Arthur's sister sent me. There was a piece about contentment, and it said it was a great sin to be discontented, and that the judgment of God often followed this particular sin. I wonder if it is because I was not contented that this awful judgment of baby's training has fallen upon me. My head is so bad to-night that I cannot think very well, but I did not know I was doing wrong. It seems as if it couldn't have been very wrong to long for home—at least to long for some one to talk to me and love me for just what I am. But oh! if I could only go back a little way and have baby to myself again, and love her and not make her suffer it would be bliss indeed.

"Arthur says it is all for her good—that he does not crave the task of watching to see if his plans are carried out in regard to her sleeping, and if there were perfect confidence between us, as there should be between husband and wife, he need not be so hindered in his work. I suppose he knows that if he left me alone with her I should take her up when she cries, and I know I should, too, because I should have to.

"I asked him this forenoon if he wouldn't let me sit down just once and rock her to sleep in my arms—my head was so bad and I couldn't bear to hear

her cry—and I was sure she was ill—and it would be such a comfort—and—I can't remember all I said, but I did beg of him, and I had taken her. I tried to laugh when I told him that it was for a little sort of a birthday treat, because she was ten months old to-day—and she was quite sleepy—for her, I mean, for she had closed her eyes twice—and I couldn't give her up—I couldn't.

"She cried when he took her from me, and he was very angry with me, though all he said at the time was: 'I should think you would have a little sense,' then he laid her down on her little bed and I never heard her cry so pitifully. What shall I do? What *can* I do?"

"Afterward he talked to me for a long time. He says I am spoiling his work, ruining my own health, and making life miserable by my senseless opposition to his plans—the plans he *knows* are best for the child; and he says I may as well give up, for it is like beating against a rock for me to oppose him. I didn't know I had complained very much of headache, but he says he is sick of the word, and that I have it for an excuse every time I want to have my own way about the baby and—

"I can't write down all he said, I am so tired, but I am sorry he has been hindered in his work—it seems he was very anxious to finish the machinery he is working on—no, to have the model in working order, that was it.

"It is a dreadful night, so hot, and there is going to be a thunder storm.

"Baby has cried herself to sleep again, and she looks whiter than ever. Every once in a while she sobs in her sleep, and her little limbs keep twitching. Poor little drooping flower, this is a cruel world to her. I love her and yet I can't do anything to help her. I know she will waken when the storm comes and want me to take her, and I know Arthur won't let me. He says it is a senseless thing to be frightened in a storm, and if

she is brought up as I was, she will be like me every time the sky clouds over Poor little baby."

"August 28th, 18—.

"It seems strange, Miss M., that I should be writing to you again so soon, but I have plenty of time this morning. The doctor has given me something to make me sleep. They think I am asleep now. I heard the doctor tell Arthur, 'When she wakens do not let her see the child till she has taken some nourishment.'

"That was after they had closed the door and left me to sleep. I know Arthur is in the hall, so I am going to write a little while I am waiting till it is time to awake. The storm is over, Miss M. So is everything else—*everything*, you understand, Miss M.

"Baby is asleep and I am not afraid any more. The doctor need not have thought it would hurt me to see her. She can rest now. She will rest a long, long time. Her little chest will never heave with sobs again—her pretty little lips will never quiver—she will never put up her poor little thin arms to be taken to mine—she will never look with wide, frightened eyes at her father—never, never.

"She looks so peaceful, Miss M. I almost think it was one of my bad dreams—the way she went to sleep at last, I mean. It was very hard for both of us for a time, but it is all over now—all over.

"Arthur didn't believe, at first, but I *knew*, and I was so thankful. He left us alone together and ran to St. Etienne for a doctor. And baby and I had such a peaceful time while he was gone. I didn't mind the storm at all. I had her in my arms, and she was at rest—and so was I—for she couldn't suffer any more. I knew they would take her away from me when they got back, so I made her as comfortable as I could. Her hair was all

tangled—she had tossed on the hot pillow so long—and I smoothed it all out, then rubbed my hand gently—oh! very gently—over it, so it broke into little curling rings. I was very glad, Miss M., that the little head was cool, and I put on her best dress and the little blue sacque I had been keeping in case Nell should come or I should go and see Nell and show her the baby—and her little blue stockings. You know it is sometimes chilly after a thunder-storm—and I folded the little bits of hands and kissed them—and kissed the white eyelids with their long dark lashes—and I drew her to me and held her close, *close*. I have been so hungry for her, Miss M., since Arthur wouldn't let me hold her—and I

rocked her in my arms—and no one can ever know how peaceful it was.

"I was sorry when Arthur came with the doctor. I cannot understand Arthur at all. You would think, now, wouldn't you, Miss M., that he would feel even better than I do? He will not be troubled nor hindered any more.

"I am very tired. In the old days when I thought it would be nice to have her live with me and love me, I used to like best to set beside her when she was asleep, and listen to her soft breath, and watch her sweet face and rings of yellow hair.

"Surely it is time for me to waken now.

"Good-bye, dear Miss M., I cannot write any more."

S. FRANCES BRADFORD.

UNSATISFIED.

YET satisfied?—Ah no!
Forever longing for some good beyond;
Forever waiting, with high hopes and fond,
For some great overflow
Of this earth's bounty slow.

Not satisfied?—not yet!
With what earth gives, however full the gift;
We cannot yet our weary souls uplift
From all the pain and fret
That earth's best gifts beget.

Not satisfied with all!
A longing still in every heart doth live,
A longing for some good Fate cannot give—
A good that renders small
What fullest wealth men call.

Not satisfied! O Lord!
Wreak not Thy vengeance on us while we wait,
Nor while we seem to loiter, being late;
For we at last have heard
The sweetness of Thy word.

No more unsatisfied!
We come, O Lord! and while Thou dost console,
From chastened hearts, we feel all yearning roll—
Forgetting earthly pride
In Thy Son crucified.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

ST. VALENTINE AT OWYHEE

IT was the last place in the world that old St. Valentine might have been supposed to be lurking. Yet in the very shadows of those towering mountains he found his way and turned matters topsyturvy after the most approved fashion.

"There isn't really anything in it, you know," Nell's mother had said, "it was just fun, and so far as father and I was concerned, I think love would have found us out if there had never been a St. Valentine missive or omen."

"But, mother," the girl answered, seriously, "sometimes things do come about most strangely. Not that I could expect a Prince Charming in this out-of-the-way place, but—I shall notice particularly the one I first happen to see on the morrow."

The night set in with a light sprinkling of snow, and it was past their usual supper hour when John Moon, of Owyhee, put in an appearance.

"Here we are, mother! Fly around, Nell, for Tom and I are most famished! This is Tom Freidricks, found him down in the divide, and made him come up to the ranch for one good, sensible meal."

Nell, in the process of "flying around," gave the new-comer more than one cool, questioning glance.

Who was this Tom so unceremoniously introduced by her father, and given such cordial reception? His appearance was not prepossessing; at least to her, he appeared tall and gawky, and ridiculously bashful and boyish; he could not have been more than twenty. He stood awkwardly before them a moment, trying to withdraw from the enormous overcoat he wore, when John Moon laughingly came to his assistance.

"Rather a snug fit. There you are! Now, take a seat and make yourself comfortable."

Tom Freidricks, divested of overcoat, was still more gawky and ill at ease, but he took the proffered seat and began hesitatingly to answer Mrs. Moon's questions.

"Bad traveling, isn't it, and such roads and coaches! Did you come far?"

"Yes, ma'am, from Silver City."

"La! no wonder you seem tired. Nell, my dear, your fire needs fuel added."

Tom hadn't said that he was tired in the least. He felt, as he watched the pretty young girl going from pantry to table, that he was very far from feeling tired. Perhaps kind Mrs. Moon fancied it because his face was so unnaturally flushed.

"You are a stranger in Owyhee County, are you not?" continued the lady, pleasantly, as she knit faster and faster upon a blue sock evidently intended for John Moon.

"Yes, ma'am," repeated the young fellow, wondering secretly how she managed to keep those clicking needles from flying out of her fingers.

"Supper is ready," said Nell, her pretty face aglow with the heat from the hot stove.

"Draw up, Tom," said her father, "don't stand on ceremony here. Remember we are Westerners."

After supper was over—which was a great relief to Tom, for he couldn't have told what he had been eating—the master branched out on the value of the different mining shares and the progress the mines in Owyhee were making.

"He's a tenderfoot, indeed," thought Nell, as she washed the dishes as noiselessly as possible, "and father thinks he is likely to invest. He don't look as if he could tell a mine from a river. What a stupid."

The girl was surprised at the unusual way in which her father laid himself out for that young fellow's entertainment.

He spoke of the untold riches of the mines, but poorly developed, of their glorious future when their golden and silver hearts should be reached and scattered among the lucky stockholders.

But the boy merely sat on the edge of his chair and answered in monosyllables.

"Wouldn't like to invest a few hundreds? Nothing could be safer."

"I don't know," said the young man, with a more vivid blush as he became conscious that Nell's eyes were on him with something like a laugh in their brown depths.

"Wouldn't be any loss to try a thousand, if you are so disposed. Come now, what do you say?"

"I—I—to-morrow, perhaps."

"Oh! certainly, certainly, if you prefer a little time; and the hour is late, much later than I knew."

"To-morrow is the 14th of February," thought Nell, a queer little pucker about her red lips. "Isn't my Valentine that is likely to be a lovely one? My! I hope mother will forget the date. I wish I could."

The next morning dawned with the snow still falling lightly, but melting almost as soon as it touched the ground.

True enough, as Nell had anticipated, no other male personages were visible but her father and their bashful guest.

Seen in the strong light of day, his face was not so bad, even Nell was willing to grant. He might have been called good-looking by some, if they could have ignored his shifting gaze and varying color.

However, John Moon saw nothing disagreeable, he was satisfied the young man had cash, and it was the sale of mining stocks that most interested him.

"We'll go out and visit the mines together, and, wife, you need not expect us home before night."

"My valentine!" said Nell, with a pout on her pretty face, and looking after that tall, lank figure with the loosely fastened great-coat flapping in the wind.

Three weeks later Nell, who was standing, for a moment, on a slight raise that commanded a good view of the long valley, was accosted by no less a personage than Tom Freidricks.

"I'm going away," he blurted out, suddenly.

"Are you?" said Nell, in a frosty voice.

"Yes, and—and may I—"

Nell glanced up in surprise, his face was a study—in reds.

"Going away," repeated Nell, with careless indifference.

"Yes, and I—won't you—won't you write to me?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Nell, much relieved.

"I suppose so."

"Thank you," he said, humbly, "you are very kind—and your father has promised to look after my investments."

When he was gone her mother casually remarked:

"He was a real nice boy, wasn't he, Nell? Must have been two years older than you too, but he was so backward."

"Yes," said Nell, absently.

A few weeks later a letter came to Nell from a far-away Eastern college.

"Going to school, is he?" said her father, "well, that's sensible, that's good investment beyond a doubt," with a loud laugh that spoke volumes.

It was a remarkable letter, a most gracefully gotten up affair beyond a doubt, and not in the least lover-like. He told of his school life, his work, and his associates; and Nell read it again and again with much interest. She could not see the blushes or the big feet jerked about, and she almost forgot those slight failings, in the charming style of her correspondent.

"I'm afraid he won't appreciate my letters," she said to her mother, "they'll be so—common."

"Do the best you can, dear, and try to improve. He will be a good teacher."

Two years later there was a grand collapse of many of the mines in Owyhee, and John Moon became penniless. The blow proved fatal to his already shattered health, it was more than he could bear.

Thus it was that Nell and the widowed mother found themselves without a dollar and no visible means of support.

"It's dreadful!" sobbed the poor widow, "what shall we do?"

Nell was twenty, she looked older, but her face was grave and patient when she answered:

"We have nothing to do but work—the lot that falls to the majority. We will travel on farther, to some little town, find a house and take boarders; that is all I know. I cannot teach."

They moved away from Owyhee and old friends saw them no more.

Three years later than this a gentleman rode across the divide and followed the winding trail up to the old ranch of the Moon's. A boy sat in its doorway and eyed him curiously.

"Does Mr. Moon live here?" inquired the stranger.

"Not any!" said the youngster, impudently. "Been dead too long."

"Oh! and pray where are the others, the wife and daughter?"

"Gone."

"But where?"

"Dunno."

"Can no one in the neighborhood tell me?" persisted the gentleman, earnestly.

"No, sir, been gone three year, keepin' boarders somers."

It was the 13th of February, just five years from the time that pretty, girlish Nell had questioned her mother as to the merits of old St. Valentine.

In that new town, where the plain wooden houses seemed to be tossed almost anywhere except upon the sheer descent

of the mountain, Nell and her mother fought the old, every-day battle of bread-winning.

The house they rented, at an enormous price, was long and rambling, with small box-like rooms, as unpleasant as could have been imagined, and their boarders consisted of a dozen hardy miners from various parts of the land.

Nell, herself, pale and quiet, moved about swiftly; she had long ago learned how necessary it was to make every effort count.

"There's a gentleman knocking," said her mother, "you'd better go, you are more presentable than I am."

Nell smiled at the idea of her own shabby appearance being termed "presentable," but went at once and admitted him into their little, bare sitting-room.

"I called," he began, in a pleasant, easy tone, "to see if you might take another boarder."

"I don't know," answered Nell, hesitatingly, conscious of her faded calico dress, and old, worn shoes, also conscious that the person addressing her was a gentleman, not only in the gentle courtesy of his manner, but in the undefinable something of his entire make-up, and he was handsome, though she found it rather trying to meet his earnest gaze.

"I will show you our only vacant room," she said, with a faint red stealing into her white cheeks.

The room was very small and scantily furnished, but it was clean in every particular.

He scarcely glanced at it, and Nell blushed again with a more vivid color. Why did he come to their poor place when there was a good hotel in the town?

"It is the best we have," she said, "and perhaps it will not suit."

"Oh! the room is all right," he answered, carelessly.

"And the board," began Nell, still blushing painfully, though angry with

herself for her embarrassment. "It is plain, and perhaps—"

"It will be all right, never mind about the price, when can I come?"

"In—the morning," Nell managed to answer, and with a bow he was gone.

"Who was he?" inquired her mother.

"Oh! I quite forgot to ask. But names don't count out here. He was so gentlemanly and I felt so ashamed, and the room is a box."

Now a strange thing happened the next morning.

Nell was kneading the biscuits for their breakfast, when the stranger of the day previous came strolling carelessly around the path, and stopped a moment in the doorway, with a smile about his lips.

"Good morning!" he said with easy nonchalance. "You see I came in time for breakfast."

Nell felt her cheeks burning, and wondered as to the result of her bread-making.

"See my Valentine!" sang out a merry voice in the street.

It was the 14th of February, and Nell remembered it now like a flash. She recalled that other time five years ago when she had watched her Valentine and found it—but to lose it. She knew that now, and her face grew sad for a moment.

Glancing up after placing the huge pan of biscuits on the stove, she turned for a instant to the gentleman lounging so carelessly in the doorway. Something in his eyes and face awoke a vague memory.

"Why didn't you answer my letters, Nell?"

"Oh!" she said, feeling the ugly old

kitchen reeling around her, "it cannot be!"

"Why not?—and you have not answered my question."

She sank down on one of the hard chairs and tried to collect herself.

"I—I couldn't."

"Why?" he persists.

"Father died, we were so poor; he had caused you to lose so much, he never intended it, I know, but I felt—that I couldn't."

"Nice way of reasoning you have. Do you know how many letters I sent trying to find you or get some word from you?"

"Several, but I—"

"O Nell! what a woman you are after all! Never mind, it is all passed now. As soon as my college days were ended and I was established in business, I set out to find you, and I have, my darling."

"But I'm—"

"You are the one woman in the world to me. Can you not love me a little?"

"I have loved you," owned Nell, half-laughing, half-crying. "I knew you as you were by your letters."

There was an odor of burnt biscuits just then, that aroused the lovers to the stern realities of life.

"Never mind, sweetheart," said Tom, laughing merrily, "the boarders won't enjoy any more of your cooking, and they can put up with these this time—as for me, I'm not alarmed. I'm rich enough to hire a cook, my little Nell."

"My Valentine! my Valentine!" thought the girl, as she turned to meet the surprised glance of her mother, with a glow upon her happy face that rendered it as lovely as of old.

ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

A GOOD book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to appreciate their value. There are men however who judge of both from the beauty of their covering.

KNOWLEDGE must be gained by ourselves. Mankind may supply us with facts, but the results, even if they agree with previous ones, must be the work of our own minds.

CANDLEMAS MISTLETOE.

A FEBRUARY STORY.

"Downe with the rosemary, and so
Downe with the baies and mistletoe;
Downe with the holly, ivy, all
Wherewith we drest the Christmas Hall;
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins shall you see."

THE pretty young thing looked prettier than ever, as with the light poise of a bird she stood perched amidst all that greenery.

She was singing gayly as a bird, too, though in an undertone as it were, those lines of old Herrick's. Any one on the threshold of the room could see her girlish face quite plainly, though her back was toward the door; for she was perched on a step-ladder, dragging down the evergreens from the tall mirror between the windows.

Those wreaths that had festooned the windows, lay in a heap at her feet, or trailed across the chair; and down with them had come a little haze of dust, that glittered in the sunshine streaming in at the window.

The sunbeams dazzled her eyes, and she shaded them with her hand, and varied her song:

"Foul weather is no news,
Hail, rain, and snow
Come in with Februar
For luck, not woe.
But 'tis an omen bad,
The yeomen say,
If Phœbus shows his face
The second day."

and here he is, shining away, as if—as if—

She caught her breath just there.

For, as she dragged down from the very

top of the mirror a great bunch of English mistletoe, she saw a slip of white paper wrapped about their stems.

She would not have seen it, but that in her grasp of it at arm's length the sprays pulled apart.

She unwound the paper.

That was the bunch of mistletoe Roger Deane sent her at Christmas, when he went away without as much as saying good-bye!

No wonder she had thrust the thing just as far from her as she could get it; even to the very topmost bough of these Christmas greens which she was stripping away now at Candlemas.

But the paper—the paper with its message:

"Just one sprig of the mistletoe to church on Christmas Day, Joan, then I shall know if I many come to say good-bye—and *not* good-bye?"

"Roger! Roger!"

Her eyes were misty; she made an uncertain movement.

She might have lost her precarious footing, as, with a swift, passionate gesture, she dropped her wet face into her dusty, double handful of mistletoe and crumpled paper.

"Roger! Roger!"

But this time the name came in a wild cry of delight.

As she reeled on the edge of the ladder she felt herself caught in a pair of strong arms.

"Joan, it is not possible you are reading my note for the first time, this moment?"

She lifted up her face from the mistle-

toe—a very rose among the faded Christmas greenery.

"And it is not possible you were trusting to a bit of stupid green like that to speak for you, when you might—you might—"

"Speak for myself, eh, Joan?" delightedly laughing at her sudden confusion. "But how could I tell you would treat my poor little Christmas offering so badly? It looks as if it had just been flung up yonder out of the way."

She glanced up at him defiantly.

"So it was. So far out of the way, that I could never get it down again without having in this great step-ladder. And, you know, of course I couldn't do *that*. The girls would have found me out."

"And so you wore Thurston's red roses to church instead. No wonder I set off on my journey without trying to see you nearer than across the church!"

"Yes; but, Roger—"

He looked half angry with her, even now.

"But, Roger, *were* they red? I'm sure they were Christmas blues I carried to church that day, instead of Christmas greens."

How could he be angry with her, even with that sudden flash of Thurston's roses between them?

"You little witch, you would trick me into doubting my own eyes. And Thurston, and his roses—"

"And your ugly, clumsy lump of mistletoe—"

"Don't speak irreverently of it, Joan. It is the herb of divination. See!"

He held the much-abused and ragged waxen berried spray over her head.

The bright-eyed, blushing face looked up.

"See!"

Only Roger never meant any outsider should see under that mistletoe.

MARIAN REEVES.

THRO' ALL THE DAY.

IN early morning, dear friend, thou art with me;
In the first solemn hour of early morn,—
In that deep hush when sweetest dreams are born,
'Tween sleep and waking, dear friend, thou art with me.

And all the day, in seeming, thou art with me;
Thy voice comes in sweet, familiar tone;
'Mong my companions or in musings lone,
Thro' all the day, my dear friend, thou art with me.

And still at night—in the deep hush of evening,
Longing, I ask of God one precious boon,
That thou, too, mayst remember morn or noon,
Or feel me near in the deep hush of evening.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

ALAS!

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Cressid, I love thee in so strained a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry at my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee
from me."

"**W**HAT does this mean?"

The question has to be twice repeated before the person to whom it is addressed gives any sign of having heard it. His ears must be so deeply embedded in the pillow that the passage to his hearing is blocked. It is not till the interrogation is put a second time, in a louder key, and accompanied by a not very gentle shake of the shoulder, that he at length looks up, and reveals what Jim knows to be, and yet has some difficulty in recognizing, as the features of Byng—features so altered, so distorted, so swollen by excessive weeping, that no one less intimately acquainted with them than the person who has been already contemplating them, under the influence of a variety of circumstances for a couple of months, could possibly put the owner's name to them. Jim has expected that his young friend would spend some portion of this day in crying, knowing well both his powers of and his taste for "turning on the waterworks," as he but lately cruelly and uncivilly phrased it to his own mind. But the warm tears of emotion, few and undisfiguring, with which he had credited him have not much kinship with the scalding torrents that have made his handsome young eyes mere red blurs on his ashen face, that have furrowed his cheeks, and damped his disordered curls, and taken all the starch out of his immaculate "masher" collar. They have wetted, too, into a state of almost pulp, a crumpled sheet of note-paper which his

head seems to have been burrowing in, upon the pillow.

"What does it mean?" repeats Burgoyne, for the third time, a hideous fear assailing him, at the sight of the young man's anguish, that he himself may have mistaken Annunziata's meaning; that her "gone" may have stood for the final one; that some instant stroke may have snatched lovely Elizabeth away, out of the world. Surely no catastrophe less than death can account for such a metamorphosis as that wrought in Byng. "Why do you look like that?" he goes on, his voice taking that accent of rage which extreme fear sometimes gives. "Why do not you speak?"

The other, thus abjured, plainly makes a violent effort for articulation; but his dry throat will let pass nothing but a senseless sob.

"What does that paper mean?" goes on Burgoyne, realizing the impotence of his friend to obey his behest, and rendered doubly terrified by it; "what is it? what does it say? Does it—does it—explain anything?"

He points as he speaks to the blurred and crumpled *billet*, and Byng catches it up convulsively, and thrusts it into his hand.

"It is the first letter I ever had from her," he says, the words rushing out broken and scarcely intelligible upon a storm of sobs, and so flings his head violently down upon the floor again in a new access of furious weeping.

Burgoyne holds the paper in his fingers, but for a moment or two he is unable to read it. There is an ugly swimming before his eyes for one thing; for another, Byng's treatment has not improved it as a specimen of calligraphy; but it never in its best days could have been a very

legible document. And yet it is not long. Its few words, when at length he makes them out, run thus:

"Good-bye, I was mad yesterday. I shall never marry you; I have no right to marry any one. For God's sake, do not ask me what I mean; and oh! don't, *don't*, DON'T come after me!"

There is neither date nor signature. As Jim stands staring at the five crooked, straggling sentences, a great swelling compassion fills his heart. Did ever poor little scribble make it so easy to construct the small shaking hand, and the tender breaking heart that penned it? An immense pity fills his soul; yet does it quite fill it? Is there room besides, in one corner, for a small pinch of devilish joy?

"There's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip."

His own words of ill-natured croaking, uttered not an hour ago to Cecilia Wilson, recur to his mind. How little he thought that that prophecy would so soon be fulfilled. He remains so long motionless and silent, his fingers still holding the paper, whose contents he has long ago mastered, that Byng—the violence of his paroxysm of grief at length exhausted—struggles to his feet and speaks—speaks as well as the catch in his sobbing breath and his quivering lips will let him.

"It is not her doing! You may think it is her doing, but I know it is not! I know her better than you do."

"I never made any pretensions to knowing her well," replies the other, sadly, and relinquishing, as he speaks, the note to its owner.

"Is it likely, I ask you?" cries Byng, excitedly. "I put it to you fairly, is it likely that she, with her seraph nature, all love and burning, she that is tender over drowning flies, would have put me to this horrible pain?—O God! you do not know what pain it is!" ["Do not I?" aside]—"of her own free will?"

"I do not know; as you say, I do not know her well."

"Then tell! oh tell, how thou didst murder me?"

says Byng, beginning to walk up and down the room with the tears still rolling down his cheeks, but in his spouting voice—a voice which at once assures Jim of an amelioration in his friend's condition and hardens his heart against him. As a broad rule, indeed, it may be laid down that that sorrow which courses through one of the numberless channels cut by the poets for it will not bring its owner to Waterloo Bridge.

"But what am I saying?" lapsing out of his quotation into broken-hearted prose again. "It was not she! If I thought it were she, could I live a moment? It is her mother; no sane person can doubt that it is her mother's doing! She was always so sweetly docile, and her mother has conceived some prejudice against me. Did not I tell you how barbarously she shut the door upon me last night?—shut the door of my heaven in my face just as I thought I had won the right to enter it. Who would not have thought that it was won who had seen us together in the wood?"

Jim writhes.

"Oh! never mind the wood now!"

"Some one has prejudiced her against me, but who? I did not know that I had an enemy in the world. Some one has told her about—about Oxford—about my being sent down."

Jim is silent.

"If it is only that—" a tearful buoyancy beginning to pierce through his despair.

"It is not that."

"Some one has put a spoke in my wheel, but who? You are the only person who could, and you, dear old chap, are the last person who would, though you were not very encouraging to me last night! You did not?"

There is so direct an interrogation in the last words, accompanied by so confiding a look of affection, that yet has an uneasy touch of doubt in it, that Jim is obliged to answer.

"No, I did not put a spoke in your wheel; but"—his honesty forcing the admission—"I am not at all so sure that I am the last person who would have done so, if I could."

Byng has wiped his eyes to clear his vision of the blinding tears, and has again directed them to the note, which he has all this while been alternately pressing against his heart, laying upon his forehead, and crushing against his mouth.

"It seems blasphemy to say so of anything that came from her hand," he says, poring for the hundredth time over each obscure word, "but it reads like nonsense, does not it? '*I shall never marry you! I have no right to marry any one!*' No right? what does she mean?"

Jim shakes his head sadly.

"How can I tell?"

"Do you think it is possible"—lifting his disfigured eyes in horrified appeal to his friend—"it is a dreadful hypothesis, but I can think of no other—that that bright intelligence was clouded—that—that her dear little wits were touched when she wrote this?"

"No, I do not think so."

"You—you are not keeping anything from me?"—coming a step nearer, and convulsively clutching his friend's arm—"you—you do not know anything—anything that could throw light upon—upon this? I do not know whether you are conscious of it, but there is something in your manner that might lead me to that conclusion. Do you know—have you heard anything?"

"I know nothing," replies Jim, slowly, and looking uncomfortably away from the questioner, "but I conjecture, I fear, I believe that—that—"

"That what? For God's sake, be a little quicker!"

"That—that—there is a—a—something in her past."

Byng falls back a pace or two and puts up his hand to his head.

"What—what do you mean? What are you talking about? Her past? What"—soaring into extravagance again—"what can there be written on that white page?—so white that it bedazzles the eyes of even the angels who read it."

"I do not know what there is," replies Jim, miserably, irritated almost beyond endurance by this poetic flight and rendered even more wretched than he was before by the rôle that seems to be forced upon him, of conjecturally blackening Elizabeth's character. "How many times must I tell you that I *know* no more than you, only from—from various indications I have been led to believe that she has *something*—some great sorrow behind her?"

There is a silence, and when it is broken it is infringed by what is not much more than a whisper.

"What—what do you mean? what—what sort of a sorrow?"

"I tell you, I do not know."

Byng's tears have stopped flowing and he now lifts his eyes, full of a madness of exaltation, to the ceiling.

"I will go to her," he cries; "if sorrow has the audacity to approach her again it will have to reckon with me. There is no sorrow, none, in the whole long gamut of woe, for which love such as mine is not a balm. Reciprocal love!"—trailing the words in a sort of slow rapture—"no one that had seen her in the wood could have doubted that it *was* reciprocal."

"No doubt, no doubt."

"I will go to her!"—clasping his hands high in the air—"I will pour the oil and spikenard of my adoration into her gaping wounds! I will kiss the rifts together, though they yawn as wide as hell—yes, I will."

"For heaven's sake, do not talk such dreadful gibberish," breaks in Jim at

length, at the end of his patience, which had run quite to the extreme of its tether, indeed, at the last mention of that ever-recurring wood. "It is a knockdown blow for you, I own, and I would do what I could to help you; but if you will keep on spouting and talking such terrible bosh—"

"I suppose I am making an ass of myself," replies Byng, thus brought down with a run from his heroics. "I beg your pardon, I am sure, old man. I have no right to victimize you," his sweet nature asserting itself even at this bitter moment; "but you see it is so horribly sudden. If you had seen her when I parted from her last night at the door! She lingered a moment behind Mrs. Le Marchant—just a moment, just time enough to give me one look, one wordless look. She did not speak; she was so divinely dutiful and submissive that nothing would have persuaded her by the lightest word to imply any censure of her mother; but she gave just a look which said plainly, 'It is not my fault that you are turned away! I would have welcomed you in!' Upon that look I banqueted in heaven all night."

He stops choked.

"Well?"

"And then this morning when I got here—I think I ran all the way; I am sure I did, for I saw people staring at me as I passed—to be met by Annunziata with the news that they were *gone*! I did not believe her; I laughed in her face; and then she grew angry, and bid me come in and see for myself! And I rushed past her, in here, with my arms stretched out, confident that in one short moment more *she* would be filling them, and instead of her"—dropping upon his knees by the table with a groan—"I find this!"—dashing the note upon the floor—"all that she leaves me to fill my embrace instead of her is this poor little pillow that still seems to keep a faint trace of the perfume of her delicate head!"

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He buries his own in it again as he speaks, beginning afresh to sob loudly.

Jim stands beside him, his mind half full of compassion and half of a burning exasperation, and his body wholly rigid.

"When did they go? at what hour? last night or this morning?"

"This morning early, quite early."

"They have left all their things behind them"—looking round at the room strewn with the traces of recent and refined occupation.

"Yes"—lifting his wet face out of his cushion—"and at first, seeing everything just as usual, even to her very work-basket—she has left her very work-basket behind—I was quite reassured. I felt certain that they could have gone for only a few hours—for the day, perhaps; but—"

He breaks off.

"Yes?"

"They left word that their things were to be packed and sent after them to an address they would give."

"And you do not know where they have gone!"

"I know nothing, nothing, only that they are gone."

"Then tell, oh! tell, how thou didst murder me!"

Oh! oh!! oh!!!

"You never heard them speak of their plans, mention any place they intended to move to on leaving Florence?"

"Never!"

"It is too late for Rome," says Jim, musingly; "England? I hardly think England," recalling Elizabeth's forlorn admission made to him at Monte Senario, "Why should we go home, we have nothing pleasant to go to?"

"I do not think they had any plans," says Byng, speaking in a voice which is thick with much weeping; "they never seemed to me to have any. She was so happy here, so gay, there never was any—"

thing more lovely than her gayety, except—except—her tenderness.”

“Yes, yes, no doubt. Then you are absolutely without a clue?”

“Absolutely.”

“Do you mean to say that up to yesterday—all through yesterday even—she never gave you a hint of any intention of leaving Florence?”

“Never, *never*. On the contrary, in the—” (he is going to say “the wood,” but thinks better of it), “we were planning many more such expeditions as yesterday’s. At least, I was planning them.”

“And she assented?”

“She did not *dissent*. She met me with a look of divine acquiescence.”

Jim turns away his head. He is involuntarily picturing to himself what that look was like, and with what sweet dumb-show it was accompanied.

“What powers of hell”—banging his head down upon the table again—“could have wrought such a hideous change in so few hours? Only ten! for it was eight in the evening before I left them, and they were off at six this morning. They could have seen no one; they had received no letters, no telegrams, for I inquired of Annunziata, and she assured me that they had not. Oh, no!”—lifting his face with a gleam of moist hope upon it—“there is only one tenable hypothesis about it—it is not *her* doing at all. She wrote this under pressure. It is her handwriting, is it not?—though I would not swear even to that. I—I have played the mischief with my eyes”—pulling out his drenched pocket-handkerchief, and hastily wiping them—“so that I cannot see properly; but it is hers, is not it!”

“I do not know, I never saw her handwriting; she never wrote to me.”

“It was evidently dictated to her,” cries Byng, his sanguine nature taking an upward spring again; “there are clear

traces, even in the very way the letters are formed, of its being written to order reluctantly. She did it under protest. See how her poor little hand was shaking, and she was crying all the while, bless her! There, do not you see a blister on the paper—here, on this side?”

Burgoyne does not see any blister, but as he thinks it extremely probable that there was one, he does not think himself called upon to wound his friend by saying so.

“I declare I think we have got hold of the right clue at last,” cries Byng, his dimmed eyes emitting such a flash as would have seemed impossible to them five minutes ago. “Read in this light, it is not nearly so incomprehensible: ‘*I shall never marry you; I have no right to marry any one.*’ Of course, I see now! What an ass I was not to see it at once! What she means is that she has no right to leave her mother! To any one who knew her lofty sense of duty as well as I ought to have done it is quite obvious that that is what she means. Is not it quite obvious? is not it as clear as the sun in heaven?”

Jim shakes his head.

“I am afraid that it is rather a forced interpretation.”

“I do not agree with you,” rejoins the other, hotly; “I see nothing forced about it. You do not know as well as I do—how should you?—her power of delicate, self-sacrificing devotion. It is overstrained, I grant you; but there it is—she thinks she has no right to leave her mother now that she is all alone.”

“She is not alone, she has her husband.”

“I mean now that all her other children are married and scattered. There are plenty more—are not there?—though I never could get her to talk about them.”

“There are two sisters and two brothers.”

“But they are no longer any good to

their mother," persists Byng, clinging to his theory with all the greater tenacity as he sees that it meets with no very great acceptance in his friend's eyes; "as far as she is concerned they are non-existent."

"I do not know what right you have to say that."

"And so she, with her lofty idea of self-sacrifice, immolates her own happiness on the altar of her filial affection. It is just like her!"—going off into a sort of rapture—"blind mole that I was not to divine the motive which her ineffable delicacy forbade her to put into words. She thought she had a right to think that I should have comprehended her without words!"

He had talked himself into a condition of such exalted confidence before he reaches the end of this sentence that Jim is conscious of a certain brutality in applying to him the douche contained in his next words.

"I do not know why you should credit Mrs. Le Marchant with such colossal selfishness; she never used to be a selfish woman."

But Burgoyne's cold shower-bath does not appear even to damp the shoulders for which it is intended.

"Since you left me, taking no farewell,"

murmurs Byng, beginning again to ramp up and down the little room with head thrown back and clasped hands high lifted; and in his rapt poet voice:

"Since you left me, taking no farewell,"

I must follow you, sweet! Despite your prohibition, I must follow you.

"We two that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other."

Then, coming abruptly down to prose—"Though they left no address it will, of course, be possible, easy, to trace them.

I will go to the station to make inquiries. They will have been seen. It is out of the question that she can have passed unnoticed! No eye that has once been enriched by the sight of her can have forgotten that heavenly vision. I will telegraph to Bologna, to Milan, to Venice. Before night I shall have learned her whereabouts. I shall be in the train following her track. I shall be less than a day behind her. I shall fall at her feet, I shall—"

"You are talking nonsense," answers Burgoyne, impatiently, and yet with a distinct shade of pity in his voice; "you cannot do anything of the kind. When the poor woman has given so very unequivocal a proof of her wish to avoid you as is implied in leaving the place at a moment's notice without giving herself even time to pack her clothes, it is impossible that you can force your company again upon her—it would be persecution."

"And do you mean to tell me," asks Byng, slowly, and breathing hard, while the fanatical light dies out of his face and leaves it chalk white; "do you mean to say that I am to acquiesce, to sit down with my hands before me, and submit without a struggle to the loss of—O my God!"—breaking out into an exceeding bitter cry—"why did you make me

"so rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold,"

if it were only to rob me of her?"

"I do not see what other course is open to you," replies Jim, answering only the first part of the young sufferer's appeal and ignoring the rhetoric, terribly genuine as is the feeling of which it is the florid expression. "It is evident that she has some cogent reasons—or at least that appear cogent to her—for breaking off her relations with you."

"What cogent reasons can she have that she had not yesterday?" says Byng,

violently. "Yesterday, when she lay in my arms and her lips spoke their acquiescence in my worship—if not in words, yet, oh! far, far more—"

"Why do you reiterate these assertions?" cries Burgoyne, sternly, since to him there seems a certain indecency in—even in the insanity of loss—dragging to the eye of day the record of such sacred endearments. "I neither express nor feel any doubt as to the terms you were on *yesterday*; what I maintain is that *to-day*—I do not pretend to explain the why—she has changed her mind; it is not"—with a sarcasm which he himself at the very moment of uttering it feels to be cheap and unworthy—"it is not the first time in the world's history that such a thing has happened. She has changed her mind."

"I do not believe it," cries Byng, his voice rising almost to a shout in the energy of his negation; "till her own mouth tell me so I will never believe it. If I thought for a moment that it was true I should rush to death to deliver me from the intolerable agony of such a thought. You do not believe it yourself"—lifting his spoilt, sunk eyes in an appeal that is full of pathos to his friend's harsh face. "Think what condemnation it implies of her—her whom you always affected to like, who thought so greatly of you—her whose old friend you were—her whom you knew in her lovely childhood!"

"You are right," replies Jim, looking down, moved and ashamed; "I do not believe that she has changed her mind. What I do believe is that yesterday she let herself go; she gave way for one day, only for one day, after all, poor soul, to that famine for happiness which, I suppose"—with a sigh and a shrug—"gnaws us all now and then—gave way to it even to the pitch of forgetting that—that something in her past of whose nature I am as ignorant as you are, which seems to cast a blight over all her life."

He pauses; but as his listener only hangs silently on his utterance he goes on:

"After you left her, recollection came back to her; and because she could not trust herself again with you, probably for the very reason that she cared exceedingly about you"—steeling himself to make the admission—"she felt that there was nothing for it but to go."

Either the increased kindness of his friend's tone, or the conviction that there is, at least, something of truth in his explanations, lets loose again the fountain of Byng's tears, and once more he throws his head down upon his hands and cries extravagantly.

"It is an awful facer for you, I know," says Burgoyne, standing over him, and, though perfectly dry-eyed, yet probably not very much less miserable than the young mourner whose loud weeping fills him with an almost unbearable and yet compunctious exasperation.

"What is he made of? how can he do it?" are the questions that he keeps irrefully putting to himself; and for fear lest in an access of uncontrollable irritation he shall ask them out loud, he moves to the door. At the slight noise he makes in opening it Byng lifts his head.

"Are you going?"

"Yes; if it is any consolation to you, you have not a monopoly of wretchedness to-day. Things are not looking very bright for me either. Amelia is ill."

"Amelia," repeats the other, with a hazy look, as if not at first able to call to mind who Amelia is; then, with a return of consciousness, "Is Amelia ill? O poor Amelia! Amelia was very good to her. Amelia tried to draw her out. She liked Amelia!"

"Well"—with an impatient sigh—"unfortunately that did not hinder Amelia from falling ill."

"She is not ill *really*?"—his inborn kind-heartedness struggling for a moment

to make head against the selfishness of his absorption!

"I do not know"—uneasily—"I am going back to the hotel to hear the doctor's verdict. Will you walk as far as to the Anglo-Américain with me? There is no use in your staying here."

But at this proposition the lover's sobs break out louder and more infuriating than ever.

"I will stay here till I die—till I am carried over the threshold that her cruel feet have crossed.

"Then tell, oh! tell, how thou didst murder me."

Against a resolution at once so fixed and so rational, Jim sees that it is useless to contend.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Burgoyne returned to the Anglo-Américain he found the Wilson family all sitting in much the same attitudes as he had left them.

His first question almost before he is inside the door is:

"Has not he come yet? Has not the doctor come yet?"

"He has been and gone," replies Cecilia.

"And what did he say?"

"He did not say much."

"Does he—does he think that it is anything—anything serious?"

"He did not say."

"Do you mean to tell me"—indignantly—"that you did not ask him?"

"If you had been here," replies Cecilia, with a not inexcusable resentment, "you might have asked him yourself."

"But did not you ask him?" in too real anxiety to be offended at, or even aware of, her flatter. "Did not he say?"

"I do not think he knew himself."

"But he must have thought—he must have had an opinion!" growing the more

uneasy as there seems no tangible object for his fears to lay hold of.

"He says it is impossible to judge at so early a stage; it may be a chill."

"So odd and heavy?"

"Yes; I went in to see her just now, and she scarcely took any notice of me; only when I told her that you had been to inquire after her, she lit up a little. I believe"—with a rather grudging smile—"that if she were dead, and some one mentioned your name, she would light up."

A sudden mountain rises in Jim's throat.

After spending an hour with poor Byng, who is inconsolable, Jim once more seeks news of Amelia.

"She does not complain," Cecilia replies, in answer to his inquiries, "but she looks so odd."

"If she is asleep, might not I just look in at her?" he asks. "I do not know what you mean when you say she looks odd."

"She is not asleep," replies Cecilia, in noisy whisper, much more likely to pierce sick ears than a voice pitched in its normal key; "at least, I think not. But I am sure you ought not to see her; Dr. Coldstream said she was to be kept very quiet, and nothing would upset her so much as seeing you."

"She need not see me; I would only take just one look at her from behind the door," persists Jim, who feels a desire, whose gnawing intensity surprises himself, to be assured by the evidence of his own eyes that his poor love's face has not undergone some strange and gruesome change, such as is suggested by Cecilia's disquieting epithet.

"Do you think she would not know you were there?" asks she scornfully. "Why, she hears your step three streets off!"

So that night Jim does not see Amelia. After all, as Cecilia says, it is better to be on the safe side, and to-morrow she will be brighter, and he can sit by her, and

tell her lovingly—oh! very lovingly!—what a fright she has given him. Yes, to-morrow she will be brighter. The adjective is Cecilia's; but, apparently, he cannot improve upon it, for he not only keeps repeating it to himself as he runs down-stairs, but employs it for the reassurance of Miss Wilson's anxious relatives.

"She will be brighter to-morrow; sick people are always worse at night, are not they?"—rather vaguely, with again that oppressive sense of his own inexperience in illness. "Not that she is *worse*"—this is hastily subjoined, as he sees her father's face fall—"Cecilia never said she was *worse*—oh! no, not *worse*, only not distinctly better; and, after all, it would have been irrational to expect that. She will be brighter to-morrow—oh! yes, of course she will be brighter to-morrow!"

He leaves the hotel with the phrase, which sounds cut and dried and unreal, still upon his lips, after bidding a kinder good-night than usual to Mr. Wilson.

CHAPTER XXV.

A WEEK has passed; a week upon which Burgoyne looks back as upon a blur of wretchedness, with distinct points of pain sticking up here and there out of it. It is a blur; for it is a time-space, without the usual limitations and divisions of time; a week, not cut up into orderly lengths of day and night, but in which each has puzzlingly run into and overlapped each. There have been nights when he has not been in bed at all, and there have been days when he has slept heavily at unaccustomed hours. He has not dined at any particular time; he has shared forlorn breakfasts, dotted about the morning as the less or more anxiety about Amelia dictated, with the Wilsons. He has drunk more tea than he ever did in his life before, and the result of this whole condition of things is that he cannot for the life of him tell whether the day of the

week is Wednesday, or Thursday, or Friday, and that he has lost all sense of proportion. He has not the least idea whether the dreadful moments when he stood on the landing outside Amelia's door, and heard her, heart-rendingly, beg him not to go away from her for *quite* so long, to be a little gladder to see her when he came back; or again affectionately assure him that she can do quite well, be quite cheerful without him, whether, I say, those dreadful moments were really only moments or stretched into hours.

Besides the agony of remorse that the impotent listening to those pathetic prayers and unselfish assurances cause him, he suffers, too, from another agony of shame, that the father and sister, standing, like himself, with ears stretched at that shut door, should be let into the long secret of his cruelty and coldness, that secret, which for eight years she has so gallantly been hiding. It is an inexpressible relief to him that at least the old man's thickened hearing admits but very imperfectly his daughter's rapid utterances.

"Poor soul! I cannot quite make out what it is all about," he says, with his hand to his ear, "but I catch your name over and over again, Jim; I suppose it is all about you."

Cecilia, however, naturally hears as well as he himself does, and apparently pitying the drawn misery of his face, whispers to him comfortingly:

"You must not mind, you know it is all nonsense. She talks very differently when she is well."

The day rolls by, the critical ninth day rolls by on its torrid wheels to eventide, and when that eventide comes, it finds Cecilia Wilson running down from Amelia's room, to give the last news of her to the three men and one woman waiting below.

"I think he seems quite satisfied," she says, in answer to the silent, hungry looks of question addressed to her, and alluding

to the doctor, who is still with the patient; "the strength is maintained; the temperature is lower." What a dreadful parrot-sound the two phrases, so familiar to us all in the newspaper bulletins of distinguished men on their death-beds, have, during the last week, assumed in Burgoyne's ears. "You can speak to him yourself when he comes down, of course, Jim; but I am sure he is satisfied."

"She is saved! Thank God! Thank God!"

Again this night Burgoyne does not go to bed, from a superstitious fear that if he does, if he seems to take for granted an improvement, that very taking for granted may annul it—may bring on a relapse. But when the next morning finds no such backsliding to have taken place, when each hour through the cheerfully-broadening day brings falling fever and steady pulse, then, indeed, he cautiously opens the door of his heart to let a tiny rose-pinioned hope creep in—then, at last, on the third night, he stretches his tired limbs in deep slumber upon his bed.

He rises the next morning refreshed and hopeful; but has scarcely finished his breakfast when he sees, hastening toward him, the porter of the Anglo-Américain Hotel. The man looks strangely, and carries a slip of paper, unfolded and open, in his hand.

In a second Jim has sprung to his side, has snatched the paper, and is staring at its contents. They are hardly legible, scrawled tremblingly with a pencil, and for a moment he cannot make them out. Then, as he looks, in one horrible flash their import has sprung into his eyes and brain.

"She has gone; come to us!"

"Oh! what does it mean? It is not true!"

But at the time he hears, he knows nothing.

He is out of the house; he is in the *fiacre* waiting at the door; he is tearing

through the streets, with the hot summer air flowing in a quick current against his face. He thinks afterward at what a pace the horse must have been going, and how the poor jade must have been lashed to keep it up to that useless speed. At the time he thinks nothing, he feels nothing. He rushes through the court of the hotel, rushes through what seem to be people; he thinks afterward that they must have been waiters and chamber-maids, and that there comes a sort of compassionate murmur from them as he passed. He is up the stairs, the three flights; as he tears up three steps at a time, there comes across his numbed intelligence a flash of wonder why they always give Amelia the worst room. He is at that door, outside of which he has spent so many hours of breathless listening; he need no longer stay outside it now. It is open, inviting him in. He is across that, as yet, unpassed threshold, that threshold over which he was to have stepped in careful, soft-footed joy to-morrow. He has pushed through the people—why must there be people everywhere?—of whom the room seems full, unnecessarily full; he is at the bedside. Across the foot a figure seems thrown—he learns afterward that *that* is Sybilla. Another figure is prostrate on the floor, heaving, in dreadful dry sobs; that is Cecilia. A third is standing upright and tearless, looking down upon what, an hour ago, was his most patient daughter. They have let her alone now—have ceased to tease her. They no longer hold a looking-glass to her pale mouth, or beat her tired feet, or pour useless cordials between her lips. They have ceased to cry out upon her name, having realized that she is much too far away to hear them. Neither does he cry out. He just goes and stands by the father, and takes his thin old hand in his; and together they gaze on that poor temple, out of which the spirit that was so much too lovely for it has fled. Later on, they tell him

how it came about; later on, when they are all sitting huddled in the little dark salon. Cecilia is the spokeswoman, and Sybilla puts in sobbing corrections now and again.

"She was sitting up the moment before, the nurse was holding her propped up—she said she was so tired of lying. She had been quite laughing, the nurse said."

"Almost laughing," corrects Sybilla, who has forgotten to lie down upon her sofa, and is sitting on a hard chair like any one else.

"Quite laughing," continues Cecilia, "at her own arm for being so thin. She had pushed up her sleeve to look at it, and had said something—something quite funny, only the nurse could not remember the exact words—and then, all in a

minute, she called out, in quite an altered voice, 'The salts! Quick! Quick!' and her head just fell back, and she was gone!"

He stays most of the night with them; and when at length, overcome with weariness and sorrow, they rise from their grief-stricken postures to go to bed, he kisses them all solemnly, even the old man. He has never kissed any of them before, except once or twice Cecilia on some return of his from the Antipodes, and because she seemed to expect it.

Three days later Burgoyne leaves Florence; and, as his arrival in the City of Flowers had been motivated by Amelia alive, so is his departure to, companion her dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—

That a mixture of rain water, cologne, and glycerine is excellent for roughness of the skin.

That a growing castor-oil plant will drive mosquitoes, flies, and other pests from a room where it may be placed.

That pulverized camphor and lard stirred to a salve is excellent for croup or colds, applied to the throat, chest, and nose.

That you should breathe through your nose instead of your mouth, especially on coming from a warm room or hall into the damp night-air.

That a simple test for the detection of lead in drinking water is furnished by tincture of cochineal, a few drops of which will color the water blue if there be the remotest trace of lead present.

DISCUSSION. Perhaps one reason why there is so little really good discussion is that it is seldom made a subject of care-

ful instruction for the young. There are, it is true, various debating clubs and societies in many of our higher schools and colleges, but they are rarely under the supervision of experienced teachers, and they do not form any important or organized part of the general curriculum. Children at a very early age do actually begin to discuss what interests them, after a fashion of their own; nor does the exercise ever fall into entire disuse. From this standpoint they can be gradually led to cultivate all the essential elements which enter into any really valuable discussion. They may be accustomed to think clearly and to express their thought lucidly, to observe the laws of courtesy, to listen attentively and reply intelligently. Above all, they may be induced to prize the truth above any personal triumph, and to make that their main object of search in all argument. A youth so trained will be equipped with a power for good which may never be fully estimated.

THE MOONSHINER'S BRIDE.

A MOUNTAIN STORY.

CHAPTER I.

IN all the region extending from the head waters of Brimstone, and Smoky, and Jellico, clear down to the mouth of Calf-Killer, there was no such preacher as Brother Tinker Goforth.

He was a typical mountaineer. Six feet three in his stockings—sinewy, well-knit, swarthy from sixty years of mountain life, sparing of words, and slow of speech, except when possessed by the rude eloquence of his "sarmints."

Anywhere in all that region, an "app'intment" left by Brother Tinker at way-side church or school-house never failed to bring out a large and appreciative audience.

But it was to his ability as a conductor of "protracted meetin's" that his fame was chiefly due.

On these occasions he shone at his best. Day after night and night after day, could he go on, pouring out those ringing law-laden discourses of his, until one might almost imagine the times of Moses had returned, and the solemn everlasting mountains set round about were the very foot-hills of Sinai itself.

What a grand and crowning effort was that of his on that August Sabbath at Basham's Gap.

How real to that vast audience had seemed the golden streets and jasper walls of that wonderful city, described as being fifteen hundred miles in length, breadth, and height.

In all that throng there was no worshiper more intensely interested than was Easter Goodbar. During the whole sermon she scarcely took her eyes from his face.

And when he reached the climax, and broke forth with the triumphant strains of his favorite revival song:

"What ship is this comes sailing, comes sailing,

What ship is this comes sailing,

Oh! tell me happy sailor?

Oh! it's the old Ship of Zion; Halleluyia!

Oh! it's the old Ship of Zion; Halleluyia!"

Her voice joined in, clear as a bell on the mountain's top.

Dan Feaster, seated a few yards outside the circle of rough benches, with his back against an ancient white oak, divided his mind between her and the preacher, giving her the preference by large odds. If he derived any good from that sermon it came to him through the medium of her speaking face.

"Wouldn't mind a-tryin' hit myself, ef hit makes a feller feel liken she *looks*," he muttered, half unconsciously, as they reached the final verse:

"How many passengers has she on board.

Oh! tell me happy sailor?

How many passengers has she on board.

Oh! tell me happy sailor?

More than ten hundred thousand,

Glory Halleluyia!

More than ten hundred thousand,

Glory Halleluyia!"

And then the excitement grew intense. Brother Tinker left the pulpit and strode down the aisles, pouring out, right and left, burning words of exhortation, and plucking, here and there, trembling men and women and leading them forward to the anxious seat.

Women screamed and shouted. Men bowed their heads and poured out their souls in tears.

Presently Brother Tinker approached the crowded altar, leading a trembling penitent, at sight of whose face, the watcher beside the ancient white oak almost sprang to his feet.

"Ef hit aint Dug Chan'ler, I'll be dad-burned," he exclaimed, half aloud, and forgetting, for the moment, his surroundings.

Dug Chandler it was, and no mistake. Dug Chandler, who was wanted by the Federal authorities, for illicit distilling, and divers and sundry infractions of that new law which forbade men doing as they pleased with their own. Dug Chandler, who, without having shed a drop of blood, yet had the reputation of being the most dangerous character in all the region round about; and who, before he became a refugee in the wildest recesses of Jellico Mountain, had been Dan Feaster's rival for the smiles of Easter Goodbar.

The accession of so mighty a sinner attracted the notice of others beside the jealous watcher by the tree.

It lent new eloquence to Brother Tinker's ringing voice. The good deacons—the exhorters of the church—the praying mothers in Israel, all crowded around the penitent outlaw with words of hope, of comfort, and advice.

And—did his eyes deceive him? No, that was Easter herself, pressing forward with glowing face and shining eyes, that she might add her word of comfort to the sorrowing one.

A fierce scowl clouded the watcher's face at that sight.

It was all well enough that Brother Tinker's fame had drawn his outlawed rival from his hiding-place, and that the latter, along with a score of others, should thus become a "seeker" in this notable service in the grove, but it was altogether another thing for the girl he hoped and expected to marry to become a minister of grace for that rival's benefit.

"I'll be dad-burned ef I don't see about that," he muttered, as stretching upward

his ungainly length, he watched the girl disappear in the throng, and then strolled moodily from the ground.

That afternoon, in the hour when the sun hung upon the mountain's crest, and the stealing shadows filled all the valley, he strode across the fields intervening between the Feaster and the Goodbar homesteads, and found the object of his search sitting beneath the spreading beech-tree at the spring.

"Hullo, Easter!" and the strident voice fell like a jangling discord upon the air, "I won'er now whut you'd take fur that fly-way look on yer face? Twict I've seed hit ter-day."

She looked up with a smile, but it was not the smile to gladden the heart of an expectant lover.

"That you, Dan? How you skeered me. I reck'n I wur only thinkin' when you spoke so sudden like."

Her speech was low, and slow, and soft in modulation and tone, just what you would have expected from face and form, for nature is seldom out of harmony with herself. The uncouth dialect of her native mountains, falling from her lips, became liquid and mellow, lending a charm all its own, and marking her as a being of finer mold than was her companion.

"I 'lowed I'd come over a spell," said he, occupying the rustic seat beside her, "but still I didn't know whuther I war gwyin' be welcome or not, arter seein' ye ter-day, *how* I did, an' *whar* I did."

She turned her clear, liquid eyes full upon him for a moment.

"You'ns air allus welcome to our house, Dan, as why shouldn't ye be, bein' our nex' door neighbors like; but I d'knows I c'n rightly made whut ye mean by your how an' your whair."

Her unfaltering tones and steady look rendered him uncomfortable.

"A—arter whut I see ter-day—the *intrus* I see ye a-takin' in a man whut ther law an' ther jail ar' a-waitin' fur, I didn't know but I mought fin' ye 'ngaged 'long

o' more p'tic'lar comp'ny, 'sides thes common folks 'at ye c'n see any day o' the week."

A flush stole into her face.

"Well, an' s'posin' ye had a found whut ye war a-lookin' fur, what then?"

He was baffled and furious.

"Then an' in them events, thar wouldn't a bin any what then, 'ceptin' for the present comp'ny to take hisself away, an' stay 'way."

"Well, an' what then?"

This was too much. He had sought this interview with the purpose of having an "onderstandin'" with Easter, and here he found himself utterly at fault at the very beginning. Silence fell for a few moments, broken only by the voice of the singing stream.

He was no fool. When he spoke again it was in a far different key from that he had used hitherto.

"In co'se, Easter, I aint a-denyin' that thar haint never been no promise betwixt and betweend us, but you know 'at the ole folks on both sides has allus counted on us two bein' 'ntended fur one 'nother; an' us two bein' the onliest chillen in both famblys, the two jindin' farms arter while ud come into one place. I aint never spoke right out afore an' axed ye, 'cause I thought you an' me understood one 'nother—I axes ye now, Easter."

No true woman is wholly unmoved at such a moment. Her voice was almost tender as she answered:

"I hope you'ns won't feel hard, Dan, when I tell ye sich a thing can't never be. I haint never thought much about hit, but I feel it can't never be."

"Then, Easter Goodbar, ye have thes bin a-makin' a fool out'n me endurin' all this time, an' hit don't mean nothin' 'at we bin a keepin' comp'ny 'long o' one 'nother ever sence we's so high."

"It air true," she answered, "'at we have been together consider'ble, which the same I s'pose air nacherl, bein' growed up together fum chillern like,

but you know very well, Dan, 'at I aint never said nary word to you I mightn't a-said to any—anybody o' my 'quaintence; an' ye air bound to 'gree 'at 't'wan't my place to up an' say 'at I can't marry a body, 'fore ever a body 's up an' said a word about such a thing."

"An' do you ra'ally and p'intedly mean hit, Easter, 'at you can't never marry me nohow?"

"That air truly what I mean, Dan, an' I do hope ye won't have no hard feelin's; I am sorry, an' fur your sake I wusht hit might a bin diff'rent."

He sprang to his feet.

"I don't believe ye, Easter Goodbar," stretching his long menacing right arm toward her, "I don't believe ye when ye set thar with a face like'n a innocent baby, a-sayin' ye air sorry, cause ef ye war sorry, hit wouldn't a-bin this a-way."

"An' what makes hit wusser," he continued, his voice hoarse with passion, "what makes hit harder to bear, ar' bein' counted fur nothin' 'long o' people what ther law ar' a reachin' out fur, an' the jail ar' thes a-honin' an' a-waitin' fur. That ar' the hardest of all."

"Dan Feaster," and she rose to her full height, while there was in look and tone that that made him quail, "Dan Feaster, ye h'aint got no right to say no sich word to me as that. Dug Chandler h'aint nothin' to me, leastways when hit comes to the question o' marryin' an' givin' in mar'age—but ye ort to know me well enough to know that ef I loved a man, like'n a woman ort to love the man 'at she picks out fum all the world, an' takes him fur better, fur wuss, so long as they two shall live—ef he axed me I'd marry him—yes, ef we had to jine hands through the bars o' the jail while the preacher war sayin' the words."

"Ef them ar' yous feelin's," he answered, "you'll have a chance to try hit, 'cause, Easter Goodbar, I swar by Gawd, that thar Dug Chan'ler ar' gwyin' to jail, an' what's more, yo're swarin' in

the co'te-house ar' gwyin' to send 'im thar."

CHAPTER II.

THE "meetin'" at Basham's Gap continued a week longer.

Great was the excitement and talk through all the neighborhood when it became known that on Thursday a posse of officers had seized Dug Chandler as he was returning home from attendance at the night services, and had borne him off to answer the demands of the outraged law.

This excitement increased tenfold when the further fact was noised abroad that Easter Goodbar had been summoned to appear as a witness against him at the court which would sit the following week.

"For the land's sake!" said Easter's mother, "what can they be a-thinkin' on? Easter never wus on Jellico Mounting-endurin' of her whole life, an' so what can she know 'bouten Dug Chan'ler 'n his little forty-gallon still?"

"In co'se," assented old man Goodbar, "she don't know the fust formed hate 'bouten Dug Chan'ler 'n his wil' cat bizzness. She may o' hearn sumpin' seein' he are bin snoopin' round here consider'ble when he thought thar warn't no danger o' them infernal revenue officers—"

"'Miah Goodbar, thar haint no call to swar bouten hit," interrupted the better half, severely.

"Humph! I aint a-swarin'—I thes said them infernal revenue fellers, an' that are what they calls em', p'intedly an' no cussin' intended—but as I war sayin' she may've hearn 'im a gassin', but the law are that a witness can't swar what they's heerd, but only an' thes p'intedly an' pime-blank what they theirselves *knows*, without no hea' say 'boutn hit—how's'-ever that are nuther here nor thar, fur the pint are thes this way, bein' summoned she'll hatter gwy 'long to co'te an' tell em 'at she don't know nothin' 'tall 'boutn

hit—I thes 'low I hatter gwy 'long o' Easter nex' week."

"Somebody 'll hatter gwy," ruminated the mother. "I thes rec'on, 'Miah Goodbar, you better whirl in an' gear up the critters an' we thes all gwy 'long. We needs a lot o' tradin' at the sto' an' Sim Dagly c'n take keer o' the place while we's all gonied."

"We'll thes p'intedly call on Ben Rand'off when we gits to town, 'cause ef thar's a man in this eend o' the State 'at thes p'intedly an' pime-blank knows all 'bouten the law, that man are Ben Rand'off. We'll git 'im to tell the co'te 'at Easter don't know nothin' 'tall bouten this case, an' 'at 'll be the eend o' that."

"They won't let her off; wish they would," was the lawyer's sententious announcement after a few direct questions had convinced him that she knew enough to send the defendant to prison for eighteen months.

"But she don't know nothin' ceptin' what he told her—'taint nothin' but hea' say," persisted the mountaineer.

The lawyer laughed.

"In one sense that's true," he said, "but she'll have to tell it, nevertheless. The law presumes a man tells the truth when he admits his own guilt. I wish they *would* let her off, inasmuch as I am retained to defend the boy."

Lawyer Ben Randolph sat silent for fully five minutes after his visitors departed, and then, bringing his fist down on the desk before him, thus addressed a pile of musty "reports" lying in one corner of the room:

"Beats me, by thunder! Man and boy, I've been 'round the courts now for forty years, and I thought I'd seen all the different samples of meanness human nature could show up, but this lays over 'em all. Both courtin' the same girl—Feaster gets his walkin' papers, and then he puts off here, and not only gives up his rival to that bowelless prosecutor Diggs, but, the main witness being dead,

the sharp rascal has the girl brought here, either knowin' or guessin' she could tell something—beats me, by thunder!

"Bound to have their pound of flesh! The court has all along been willing to let these fellows off, on paying costs, seeing it's a new law and bears down rather hard on these mountain folks—but Diggs—Diggs the righteous, has suddenly become convinced that Dug Chandler is such a blood-thirsty villain that he must feel the full weight of this iron-handed law. The boy'd be behind the bars right now if I hadn't gone on his bond for his daddy's sake.

"Come in here with me, young man," to Dug, lounging into the office an hour later, "come in here with me," motioning him into the back room, and locking the door against all chance comers, "now sit down there and tell me how you'd like to go to jail for eighteen months and pay a fine of three hundred dollars?"

The young mountaineer could only gasp and stare in astonishment.

"Because that's what's going to happen to you," continued the lawyer, "unless," and he assumed a tone suggestive of any desperate alternative, "unless that witness can be got rid of."

He chuckled immensely at the startled face and bulging eyes of his client.

"I tell you, Dug, that girl must be kidnapped—abducted—sequestered—"

"Hold on right thar, Mr. Rand'off," and the towering mountaineer popped his right fist in the huge palm of his left hand, "I don't know what's the meanin' o' them double-gear'd words o' yourn, but they don't sound right, an' I want to tell ye right now that thar aint none o' them things to be done to Easter Goodbar, no not ef I go to jail fur a hun'erd years."

"Good!" And then the lawyer, sitting with hands thrust deep in his pockets and legs stretched out, seemed for three minutes totally oblivious of his surroundings.

"By George! Dug!" And he hit himself a resounding thwack. "By George! I've struck it! I've got it! All creation can't save you if that girl goes on the stand, but if you've got the right kind of stuff in you I can show you how you can save yourself, by George!"

Thereupon, he proceeded to put the young fellow through a course of questions, the like of which the latter had never known before, and wound up by impressing upon him the utter and absolute importance of a certain course of action, which he duly and fully pointed out.

The brisk young fellow who left the office an hour later would scarcely have been recognized for the shambling, slouching six-footer who had entered so shortly before.

"Report to me to-night at eight o'clock, and, mind you, if you fail the jail is your portion," was the lawyer's parting injunction.

That night at the time appointed, attorney and client were again locked in the little back room, from which they emerged at a late hour to go their several ways, and to sleep as soundly as though they had not conspired to thwart the law on the morrow.

The next morning the court-room was crowded as usual. After the reading of the minutes, the first business was the calling of the roll of attorneys for motions.

When Lawyer Ben Randolph's name was called, that individual slowly rose and thus addressed the court:

"If your Honor please, I have a motion to make this morning which, although it may be a little outside of the regular routine of business, and its connection with any case in court may not be very apparent at first sight, yet the matter is clearly within your Honor's jurisdiction.

"I have a client in court, Douglas Chandler, who is charged in three cases

with illicit distilling. For reasons satisfactory to himself and which I would not presume to question, the prosecuting attorney refuses to let the cases take the course that has been usual with others of like character, but seems bent on using my client as an awful example. In short, to put it mildly, it would seem to a casual observer that the jail is yawning for the young man. With his friends and relatives here in court there is a young girl to whom he has long been devotedly attached.

"They desire to be married. If the prison must close upon its prey, he desires first to clasp his bride with untainted hand. They desire your Honor to perform the ceremony here and now."

There was a romantic streak hid away in the grizzled old judge, and Ben Randolph knew just where it was located.

"It speaks well for the young man," he answered, "that she is willing to follow him through evil as well as through good report, and whatever may be the outcome of the present charges against him, I feel sure that for her sake he will in future be an upright, law-abiding citizen. I will take pleasure in complying with brother Randolph's request."

Thereupon the attorney passed up the license and then led forward the bride.

Easter, for it was she, had never looked fairer or sweeter than she did at that moment. Her simple yet tasteful dress, her pure face, her modest self-possession, all had won the heart of every lawyer inside the bar before the ceremony began. And when the few simple words were spoken a perfect storm of applause and congratulation broke upon them. In the midst of the confusion the judge, beckoning Randolph to his side, said, as he wiped the moisture, that somehow would gather in his eyes:

"You old rascal! You're up to some trick. If you've made me demean myself I'll imprison you for contempt."

The prosecuting attorney had not observed the evil-faced young mountaineer, who, with wildly swinging arms and half-muttered curses, had tried to press his way through the crowd to reach the attorney's ear; and who had finally been led forcibly away by an officer.

After a little more preliminary creaking, the wheels of the judicial mill began to turn.

"The United States against Douglas Chandler," called the clerk at last.

The prosecuting attorney, after consulting his assistant for a moment, announced his readiness; counsel for the defense made a similar announcement; the jury was sworn.

One or two witnesses were called, but failed to disclose any material fact.

"Call Easter Goodbar," directed the district attorney, after these had stepped down.

She was called and presently approached the witness stand.

A surprised, puzzled look swept over the lawyer's face.

"Call Easter—is this the witness, Mr. Officer?"

"That's the witness," responded the marshal.

The lawyer turned to his assistant and held a short conference which was freely punctuated with half-suppressed exclamations and emphatic gesticulations.

Ben Randolph, leaning back in his chair, regarding them out of one corner of his eye, caught now and then a fragment of their words.

"Whyn't you tell me he's marrying our witness? I can't remember all these names and faces."

And from the assistant:

"Didn't know it—just got in—of course he's up to some trick."

"The witness is waiting," remarked the judge, blandly, while just the suspicion of a smile played about his grizzled mustache.

An audible snicker went round the

bar as it began to dawn upon the members that the prosecutor had been outwitted.

"Let the witness be sworn," he said, shortly, evidently resolved to put on a bold front.

Randolph rose.

"I object, of course. I've known the gentleman to make some pretty wild breaks in the past, but I don't think I ever knew, even him, to attempt to use a man's wife as a witness against him."

The judge's smile broadened, the lawyers roared, the spectators joined in.

The district attorney sprang to his feet. No lawyer likes to be beaten, and still less does he enjoy being made ridiculous at the same time.

In unmeasured terms he denounced the affair as a trick, unworthy the high standard of that bar, and dwelt with particular emphasis upon the manner in which the court had been made an unwitting party to the evasion of justice. He closed his invective by moving that Randolph be imprisoned for contempt of court.

"I am glad," responded the latter, as he rose to reply, "to say a word in this case in regard to my rôle as match-maker. The mere fact that these parties are witness and defendant is no bar to their contracting marriage even under the very wings of the law. If his Honor feels aggrieved at having unwittingly aided to defeat these suits, I will state that I could have attained the same end by having the

ceremony performed by a minister in my office.

"But when I considered the circumstances of these cases—the manner in which this young girl was brought here, the manner in which a disappointed suitor was seeking to use the machinery of the law for purposes of spite—savage, unscrupulous spite—I could not resist the idea of thwarting his plans by his own weapons. These young people are married for pure, true love. I may add that the young girl did not know she was defeating the case by taking this step. It was with much reluctance that she would consent to this public ceremony instead of one more private in my office. I submit myself into the hands of the court."

"The counsel is fined one-cent, and execution is suspended—indefinitely," said the judge.

There being no other witness, the jury of course, said "not guilty," and after a little more wrangling, a like verdict was rendered in the other two cases.

"The defendant can go," said the court.

"Much obleeged," responded that individual, as he stood up, looking like a new man. "I ar' much obleeged to everybody. I ar' out'n that scrape an' got the best an' sweetest gal in all the worl'—long sight too good fur the likes o' me, an' now, ef Dug Chan'ler ever have any more truck 'ith the law, I'll give a lie-bill."

MILTON T. ADKINS.

POTATO PANCAKES. Boil and mash three large mealy potatoes, add two tablespoonfuls of butter—two ounces—a teaspoonful of salt, and beat them to a cream; add a gill of cream or milk and two eggs well beaten, then sufficient flour to make a dough—about one pint. Have ready a pan well buttered,

take a tablespoonful of this mixture, flatten it with the hand into a very thin cake, put it into the hot frying-pan, cook quickly on one side, then turn and cook the other; or they may be cooked on a griddle. Fold one half over the other and serve while hot.

THE PARSON'S BANQUET.

"I HOPE I will be able to rest to-day," soliloquized the home missionary's wife as she wearily went through the operation of clearing off the breakfast table. "I feel as if I hadn't an atom of strength left."

Her listless movements and pale cheeks gave mute evidence of her languor, and as she made the necessary trips back and forth from the dish-shelves to the table, it was easy to see that Mrs. Markell was only "keeping up" from sheer necessity. In that Western country thirty years ago kitchen help was more difficult to procure than it is to-day, even had they possessed the means to hire, which was not at all common with missionaries in that field, and the dominie's young wife was kitchen maid, nurse girl, seamstress, and mistress combined. The entire work for three in family was quite sufficient to keep busy the hands of one delicately-reared woman, particularly with the inconveniences concomitant to Western living in that early day, such as houses destitute of cupboards and cellars, a rain barrel in lieu of a cistern, and other trifles which wore out the souls and bodies of the Western housekeepers long before their time.

But this work, hard as it was, Mrs. Markell felt would be a mere bagatelle to the labor of getting up dinners for those of their congregation who were addicted to the unfortunate habit of making the parsonage a stopping-place on all occasions. To many of the country portion of the flock it was a great convenience to have some place where the ladies could go to exchange their common dresses, rumpled from riding long distances, for the best gown and bonnet which they brought

along in a band-box, carefully hidden under the wagon seat.

The parsonage parlor was converted for the nonce into a dressing-room, and pins, comb, and brush borrowed from the ministerial store; then, arrayed in their best garments, the visitors fluttered away to do their trading at the groceries, assuring Mrs. Markell they would be back in good time for dinner, but not to go to extra trouble on their account, etc., etc. Perhaps the minister's wife would not so much have dreaded the added labor which these frequent incursions involved, had they remembered to leave with her some of the produce which they brought into town to sell. A pound of butter, a few eggs, a little lard, or a measure of potatoes would have helped wonderfully in getting up a meal for them, and we must pardon her sinfulness for sometimes thinking it a hardship that she was not only compelled to do their cooking, but provide the material as well.

And what excellent, healthy appetites some of those country parishioners had, to be sure. How vigorously they assailed the toothsome victuals, leaving not a scrap to be wasted. And how loudly they lamented between bites that Mrs. Markell had no relish for anything. She certainly needed a tonic.

"Rhubarb was good for the blood and so was dandelion tea; that pie was dreadful nice, wouldn't mind taking another piece if 'twas handy," and then pale little Mrs. Markell would jump up and bring from the dresser another round of dessert. Their solicitude for her health was most touching, but sometimes she was actually wicked enough to wish they would show it by making her less work. Of course,

it was awful for a minister's wife to indulge in such unchristian thoughts. She knew it as well as any one, and tried her best to overcome them and do her duty patiently toward her husband's congregation.

We do not mean to say there were not occasional gifts, most welcome to the poor minister and his family—gifts of nice pumpkins, a bag of apples, some choice spare ribs, a mess of roasting-ears or a jug of rich milk maybe, which found their way from the farms to the parsonage, but as a rule they were not given by the advocates of the free-lunch system. Once, indeed, the Lankton family, composed of five spinster daughters, four grown brothers, and the father and mother, who belonged to the parson's regular corps of visiting boarders, had generously brought in a quart of green beans, but when cooked they made so small a mouthful as they came to be divided among the eleven Lanktons and the Markells that the little hostess was covered with confusion and quietly indicated by lifting her eyebrows (a sign understood between herself and Brother Markell) that her husband was not to take any and so the Lanktons ate them all with great *goût*, supplemented as they were with a supply of other good things furnished from the Markell larder.

The greatest drawback on these festive occasions was, however, that old Mrs. Lankton smoked an aged pipe, the fumes from which invariably made the minister's wife sick.

She acknowledged to herself that it was most foolish and unreasonable for her to thus get the sick headache and have a dreadful spell of retching and vomiting every time that venerable pipe was puffed through her house, but there seemed to be no help for it. Try bravely as she would, by the time the day was half through she usually had to succumb.

On this morning in particular, the missionary's wife was suffering from the effects of having had Mrs. Smith and the

four juvenile Smiths to dinner the preceding day, and had now promised herself a day of rest; and we can well imagine the despair that filled her soul, when, just as the last dish was being put away, she saw through the porch window a well-known buggy stop in front of the house, and a fat woman followed by a small boy alight and walk up the path to the door.

Don't blame her, dear reader, because the tears welled up and rolled in big drops down her thin cheeks. If your back ached, and your head throbbed; if your nerves had been worn to the quick by the noise and din; if two of your best tea-cups and a window-pane had been broken by the active little Smiths, if you had spent an hour trying to scrub out a grease spot in your best carpet, put there by a hot doughnut under the feet of the youngest Smith, who had carefully crumbled it up and tramped it in—if you were tired and sick and discouraged, it is quite probable you would have cried, too.

But they were already on the porch—so, hastily wiping her eyes and summoning a very wan smile, she turned to greet her guests, who, with easy Western familiarity, had opened the door without the ceremony of rapping. Mrs. Jones and her son had by this time been joined by Mr. Jones, who carried in his hand an anti-diluvian rooster which turned and twisted in the farmer's grip as it hung head-downward.

"Mis' Markell, you're not lookin' very peart this mornin'," was the good lady's salutation, while the husband, extending the fowl with one hand, shook the hand of the hostess vigorously with the other.

"Thought maybe you'd like a chicken for dinner, and so we brought one along," said he.

Mrs. Markell murmured some thanks and, after seeing them seated, carried the screeching bird to the kitchen.

"Josiah'll cut its head off for you,"

called after her Mrs. Jones's shrill voice. "Go on, Josiah, and help her with that chicken, for if we're a-goin' to do any tradin' before dinner it's time we're down to the stores."

Mr. Jones obediently did as he was told, and in a few minutes a squawk or two announced that he was assisting at the orgies of the patriarch of the barnyard. Meanwhile Mrs. Jones had removed her bonnet and was touching up the stray gray locks which the wind had blown in frowsy fashion around her temples. A few strokes from the parson's brush righted it to her satisfaction, and by the time her husband and Mrs. Markell re-entered she was ready to start to the grocer's to do her trading.

Not quite ready, either, for the boy who was silently munching an apple he had found on the table, was discovered to have a dirty face, and "If it 'twouldn't be too much trouble would Mis' Markell mind gitting Mrs. Jones a damp towel to wipe Jimmy's mouth?" At last they were off, their parting injunction being for "Mis' Markell not to worry about getting up very much dinner, as they never cared for much to eat, nohow," etc., all of which the tired hostess had heard them say scores of times before, and had seen disproved so often as to have little faith in it. She had planned to have only a bread-and-butter lunch that day with a cup of tea, as she was so worn out. The dominie had acquiesced in this arrangement very cheerfully, and promised if she would lie down and rest, he would wait on himself and get his own "piece."

But now with that forlorn old fowl to pick and clean and cook, fire must be made in the kitchen stove, warm biscuits, too, for she had only enough cold bread to last themselves till to-morrow, which was baking-day, and then, of course, there must be vegetables to go with the chicken. All this meant hard work, and with a pitiful little sigh that would have melted even the adamant

Jones's breast, she dragged herself wearily to the kitchen.

The picking of the fowl was no easy task, and when denuded of his feathers presented such a wasty, purple, diseased-looking cuticle that Mrs. Markell's stomach revolted in disgust. Several years before its feet had been frozen off one severe night, and since then it had clumped about painfully on its scaly stumps till the kindly axe had put it out of its misery.

"I couldn't eat any of this awful thing if I was starving," was the lady's comment as she held it up and scrutinized the hideous carcass. "I'll not be to blame if it makes the Joneses sick, for it was their gift," and then the sick woman, in spite of her headache and backache and heartache, actually laughed out loud as she pictured to herself the Joneses having an attack of nausea, occasioned by indulging in the delicacy they had presented to her for their dinner.

The aged chanticleer was put on to cook, and soon was steaming and bubbling, when the hostess suddenly recollected that the only vegetable in the house was onions. Not a leaf of cabbage, not a potato, not even a stray carrot could be found in her hasty search through the barrels which held the supplies for the parsonage cuisine. She had no one to send to the grocery for provisions, she couldn't leave the baby to go herself, and as the custom of delivering goods was then unknown in the village, she could not get them home at any rate, so with a feeling of desperation at her predicament she set about preparing the onions.

Worse dinners have been seen than the one that greeted the Jones trio as they came back promptly at twelve o'clock, rosy, and with appetites whetted to keenness by their walk in the frosty air.

Butter had gone up a half cent per pound, eggs were a trifle higher, and altogether Mrs. Jones was in a very satisfied frame of mind. Laying off her shawl on

the bed, and placing beside them her son's tippet and cap, she brought out from the depth of her pocket a long stocking, and began industriously "toeing it off" while waiting for her dinner.

The boy drew near the table, and furtively fingered the dishes with his sticky fingers, which occupation was frequently interrupted by a sharp reprimand from his mother.

"But I'm gittin' so aw—awful h—hungry," he stuttered. "I don't see any s—sweet pertaters, and you s—said you hoped—"

"Jimmy!" she interrupted, hurriedly, "why don't you run out in the yard and play awhile. Go on now like a good boy. Run round and chase the chickens."

"Mebby their c—chickens got f—frozen f—feet."

"Oh! your feet wont get cold," replied Mrs. Jones, growing very red in the face in her effort to misunderstand him.

The minister's wife had heard every word as she went to and from the kitchen, putting the dinner on the table, and found it difficult to control her risibles.

"Dinner is ready, and we will not wait for Mr. Markwell; he may be detained," placing the chairs as she spoke.

Scarcely, however, had they seated themselves when the minister entered.

Cordially he shook hands with his guests; his greeting, it must be confessed, was somewhat warmer than his wife's had been, but we must remember it is easy for men to be cordial and bland when they haven't had the work to do!

"Ah! what's this, Nellie? a chicken?" he inquired, as he began to serve the plates.

"It's our o—old r—rooster. We brung it f—for a p—present," said Jimmy, eagerly.

"Ah! that's clever," replied the dominie, cheerfully.

"It's f—feet got f—fruz five—"

"Jimmy! take yer hands off the table-

cloth!" broke in the mother, sharply, gleaming at him with lowering eyes.

"The old r—rooster's feet all tu—turned—" began Jimmy.

"La! child, never mind about people's poultry," again interrupted Mrs. Jones, in a coaxing tone, which made the little tormentor more than ever anxious to tell his story.

For a few minutes Jimmy lapsed into silence as he devoted himself to biscuits and gravy, until slightly burning his mouth on the hot onion, set him to roaring and crying, a circumstance at which his fond parents secretly rejoiced, since it seemed a Providential way of diverting his mind from the obnoxious subject of the rooster's feet. As for the pastor's wife, she was, perhaps, more distressed just then than the Joneses, being agitated by the fear that her husband would eat of the fowl and get sick. How could she warn him in the presence of the generous donors? That would be a breach of courtesy, indeed! But something must be done, for who could tell how soon he might take a bite. In vain she winked at him; in vain she twisted up her mouth knowingly, and distorted her features to make him take the hint. But all to no purpose. The obstinate man seemed determined to look every way but at her. Once she *a-hemed* meaningly, but could not risk repeating this note of alarm as her lady guest remarked, placidly:

"You ort to take something for that sore throat, Mis' Markell. Sage and honey's good to gurgel with."

And so poor Mrs. Markell was forced to give up that plan for attracting his attention. There was still another way, but if the case had not been so urgent she would scarcely have tried it, for it was somewhat dangerous.

When they had unexpected visitors, and she feared the provender would not hold out, she had frequently trodden on the dominie's foot under the table, and he then understood that he was to

politely decline the dish which was being passed to him. Now, carefully reaching forward with her foot, she singled out his boot, and bore down with great emphasis, determined to make him look up at her at all events.

"Goodness—gracious—sakes—alive! My bunion! my bunion!" moaned Mrs. Jones, spilling her hot tea over her hand as she swayed from side to side in throes of pain. "I don't 'low I'll ever be able to walk again."

Alas! poor Mrs. Markell had tramped on the wrong set of toes. The host and hostess were profuse in their sympathy, although the latter was somewhat embarrassed while proffering hers; the accident was in their favor, however, for the mention of feet brought Jimmy back to his favorite topic.

"S—say!" he began, "this o—old rooster's f—feet fruz off f—five years ago and they all turned black."

"Turned black, eh?" inquired the parson, thoughtfully, as he gently put back the piece he was about helping to his own plate.

"Yes, pa and ma 'l—'lowed he w—wasn't a-going to live, and they said h—he'd do for the p—preacher."

Mrs. Jones's crushed foot had so completely absorbed her thoughts that she had not taken any interest in what the boy was telling. Neither had she seen the meaning looks exchanged between the parson and his wife.

Mr. Jones evidently needed the stimulus of his wife's eyes upon him to perform his duty toward squelching the loquacity of his son, for he ate in silence and let the urchin proceed, unmolested, with his tale of horror.

"The rest of your chickens are all right, I expect," queried the dominie, more for the sake of talk than to investigate the health of the Jones's barnyard.

"Yes, the ch—chickens are all right, except o—one hog. We came pretty

near bringing you a d—dead shoat t'other day. It got fastened under the f—fence, and died there, and maw said if we'd a-got it out a little sooner she'd a—sent it to you folks."

The moans ceased. The owner of the crushed bunion pricked up her ears and listened. As Jimmy stopped to take breath, his face beaming with a proud smile at being able to impart so much information, a large, feminine hand, firm and muscular, grasped the wretched boy by the back of his collar, and dragged him, kicking and squirming, to the kitchen door, through which they both disappeared. A minute later the trio at the table heard the voices of mother and son in a loud duet, he howling, she scolding, to the accompaniment of an old-fashioned "spanking" administered by Mrs. Jones with vigorous touch.

Apparently the matter had not impressed Mr. Jones as seriously as it had the others, for he began spreading another biscuit with evident relish. Scarcely, however, had he raised it to his mouth when the door opened just wide enough to admit a strip of the indignant face of his irate spouse, who in her shrillest key called:

"Josiah! if you're through your dinner come along and hitch up, it's high time we was starting for home."

Mr. Jones laid down his untouched biscuit, obediently rose, and walked off to the barn, Jimmy and his mother following.

The host and hostess sat gazing at each other in blank silence at this unexpected termination of the feast. Mrs. Markell was the first to recover her voice and ejaculated, hysterically,

"O Charles! that dreadful rooster has almost been the death of me this morning, and, perhaps, it will kill all three of them before they reach home. You know they ate so—"

"Hush sh! they're coming," warned the dominie, as he arose and politely

opened the door for the boy and his mother, who had re-entered to get their wraps.

Not a word was said while Mrs. Jones put on her shawl and adjusted her bonnet and Jimmy's tippet. The words which Mrs. Markell tried to utter stuck in her throat; even the urbane parson could not force a single commonplace remark. With a crusty "good-day" in response to his courteous farewell they drove away.

In the three weeks' illness of Mrs. Markell which followed, the minister was too occupied with the housework, nursing, and his parochial duties to meditate much on the probable demise of the Jones family, but as time went on and he heard of no deaths resulting from eating the

diseased fowl, he concluded that his wife had over-estimated the delicacy of the Jones's digestive apparatus.

The two families saw but little of each other from that time forward. The visits to the parsonage were discontinued and when they accidentally met a frigid restraint took the place of the old-time freedom. With the true humility becoming a home missionary's wife, Mrs. Markell took all the blame to herself, although repeatedly assured by her husband that the cessation of the market-day visits was the silver lining to the cloud of the Jones's displeasure.

And yet there are people who give all their sympathies to the people who think the lot of a minister's wife an easy one.

VIRGINIA S. PATTERSON.

SUCCESS. Our admiration is sometimes bespoken for successful people who are said to have "leaped over every obstacle." Biographers of eminent men are particularly fond of making their heroes arrive at the goal of their hopes by this steeple-chase process. But the truth is that impetuous spirits who charge at every impediment in their path on the sink-or-swim, survive-or-perish plan, unless favored with extraordinary luck, are more apt to sink than to swim, to perish than to survive. It is advisable to go round obstacles that you might break your neck in attempting to take at a flying leap. In most cases policy is as necessary to success as energy.

THE busy man can always deny himself to guests, but there are those invaders who only smile and say, with good-natured persistence, "Oh I he won't mind me!" Then a person of this sort mounts the stairs, and at his knock peace and meditation clasp hands and flee. Their

day is over, and they know it. "I have half an hour; I'll spend it with my friend," thinks the selfish man. "Has my friend ten minutes for me?" deliberates the one who has true reverence for moods and occupation.

A PROUD, irritable, discontented, and quarrelsome person can never be happy. He has thrown a tempestuous atmosphere around himself, and must forever move in the region of storms. He has employed sure means to embitter life, whatever may be his external circumstances. He has been the architect of his temper, and misery must be the result of his labor.

TRANQUILLITY is the wish of all. The good, while pursuing the track of virtue, the great, while following the star of glory, and the little, while creeping in the ruts of dissipation, sigh for tranquillity and make it the great object which they ultimately hope to attain.

BABYLAND.

MARTZIE.

HE wore his brother's coat and hat. They were both much too large for him. The hat came down to his ears, and the coat flapped about his heels.

His face was so dirty that one could hardly tell who he was, or whether he was a "nigro"—that is the way Martzie pronounced it—or a white boy.

The boys would run away and leave him to play alone.

"You'd better keep your baby in," said papa.

"Baby, indeed!" thought the little man, who heard the remark.

Away he trudged after his brothers, who were running through the orchard.

Martzie couldn't run *very* fast because of his coat being so long. At last he held up the skirt with both hands.

The boys looked around and shouted: "Oh! we've got a sister."

It was true that a sister was greatly desired by each and all of the boys.

Martzie was hurt and angry. To be called a *girl* was a little too much. The tears washed off streaks of dirt on his round cheeks.

When he came to the pasture, where the colts were galloping up and down, the little boy stopped. He did not dare to go any farther.

"Come back to mamma," called a voice from the wood pile.

Martzie came slowly toward the house.

"We'll have something that the boys don't know anything about," mamma said.

When he reached the door what do you think he saw?

His high chair was pushed close to the table, and there was a saucer of new maple syrup on the table.

"As soon as you have washed," said mamma.

When he had got the clay off from his hands and face, mamma smoothed back the tangled curls and her baby was ready for his treat.

Now he looked so happy; not at all like the little boy we saw in the orchard.

How did mamma know what he liked best?

"They shouldn't better leave me next time," he said, as he climbed into his chair, "I'm as big as any of 'em."

"You will be some day," laughed mamma.

RENA REYNOLDS.

HER SWEETHEARTS.

THEY lived on the same street, not far apart, this little boy and girl that I am going to tell you about. They went to school hand-in-hand every day.

Richard would call for Minnie just before the first bell rang.

He would walk quietly into the hall and wait until the little girl put on her wraps.

Then she would join him, and they would trudge away together, the happiest pair in the whole city.

Richard always carried for his little friend the bag that held her books and luncheon.

His own books were stowed in one of the pockets of his great-coat.

Minnie always divided the sandwiches and doughnuts equally between them.

"You 'serve something for being my escort," she would say, proudly.

But all these happy times came to an end at last.

Richard's papa and mamma thought best to leave their home in the city and live on a farm about twenty miles away.

The children did not know for some time of the change to be made.

"Teacher," whispered Minnie, one day, "I have three sweethearts, Papa and Harold—Harold is my brother, you know—and Richard."

A few days later she pulled at Miss Walton's sleeve timidly. The child's lips quivered.

"What is it, dear?" the lady asked.

"Did you know, teacher, that Richard is going away?"

"Yes, he told me about it."

"Well, he—he—" with a sob, "he is my best sweetheart."

RENA REYNOLDS.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED SISTERS.

IT was Betty's birthday, and for at least two generations it had been customary in the Dennison family, whose laws, like those of the Medes and Persians, altered not, for the birthday of one child to be a holiday for all the others; so there were to be no lessons to-day. The daily governess and the French and music teachers had been duly notified that their services would not be required on the first of February, and nurse, with a rare delicacy, had betaken herself and her stocking-darning to her own room and left the three little girls in full possession of the old nursery.

The sun poured in the windows and made bright patches on the gay flowered carpet, and glanced along the wall, where brilliant humming birds were flying about among the tendrils of a scarlet trumpet vine, and shone through the chintz curtains, where poppies and daisies and corn flowers were scattered in a reckless profusion, until one almost forgot that winter still reigned without and thought that June had surely come again. It shone finally upon the three little girls, who were sitting in their little rocking chairs, and made the yellow mane that hung down Lottie's back look like the famous golden fleece.

Betty was reading aloud to her sisters from the book that "dear papa," who was fighting the Indians in the far West, had sent his little daughter for a birthday gift, and she was holding the volume close to her short-sighted eyes. The book was Kingsley's tales of the old Greek heroes who lived long, long ago when this old world of ours was young, and she was reading about Perseus.

She read of his long, weary journey in search of the Gorgon: how he walked dry-shod over land and sea until he came to the unshapen land, and the place which has no name: how he wandered there for seven days until he came to the edge of the everlasting night, and there, by the shore of the freezing sea, he found the

three gray sisters sitting on a white log of driftwood and chanting a weird song of how the old times were better than the new. "It was cold, freezing cold, and the foam from the surges frosted the hair of the three gray sisters, and they only had one eye that they passed one to the other."

"O Betty!" interrupted Madge, "that is just like us, isn't it? We only have one eye among us all, the eye-glasses, you know, that Uncle John's friend gave us, for we are almost blind without them, and we certainly do pass them one to the other as we take turns looking at things. I do wonder if we will live to be as old as those poor, gray sisters and still only have one pair of eye-glasses! If grandpapa only knew how much happier he could have made you by giving you a pair all to yourself, I think he would have bought them instead of that lovely engraving of 'The Angel Choir' which you will never see after it is hung on the wall of our room, unless you mount a chair for the purpose."

"Never mind, Madge," said Betty, "you knew we wrote to papa about it, and he said we must never hope to wear them while we lived with grandpapa, for he hated to see glasses on women, and perhaps he might not love us at all if he saw us wear them."

"Madge," said little Lottie, laying her cheek affectionately against the tow-headed doll that was clasped so tenderly in her arms, "I think that as it is Betty's birthday we ought not to take turns at all with the eye glasses at the pantomime to-day; but let her wear them all the time, and she can tell us afterward what Cinderella looked like in her beautiful ball-dress, and if the ugly sisters were really very ugly."

Betty was loath to accept this great sacrifice, but Madge insisted that Lottie was right, and that when their birthdays come they would claim the same privilege, so she yielded, finally, with a pang in the tender heart always so generous to her little sisters.

They forgot all about Perseus and the three Gray Sisters, and lost all interest in dreadful Gorgon while they talked over their poor, blind eyes that so sadly needed glasses, and they decided that if it was on account of their looks that grandpapa objected to their wearing them, and nurse said that was the reason, that it surely was more unbecoming to go about with their eyes screwed up and ugly frowns on their foreheads in vain endeavors to see.

"Do you remember, Madge," said Betty, after a little silence, "that grandpapa said this morning that as I was twelve years old now I must learn to be brave and not shy with people, for it was well-bred to be fearless as well as modest, and that he disliked shy people? He said, too, that I would soon be a companion for him, and companion means friend I think, and friends are not afraid of one another; and besides he wants me to be brave, so I am going to draw up a petition for eye-glasses for us all, telling the reasons why we want them and then we can all sign it. I think we might get nurse to put her name to it, too, for a petition generally has a good many names, at least they do in books, and perhaps then grandpapa might read it favorably—they always read it favorably in the books when it is drawn up in the right way."

So Betty drew up the petition on a large sheet of foolscap that she begged from Mrs. Keith, the housekeeper, and this is how it was worded:

"TO JOHN HENRY PEMBROKE DENNISON, ESQUIRE.

"We, the undersigned, do most humbly petition you, dear grandpapa, to give each of us your granddaughters a pair of eye-glasses, and we state some of the many reasons why we want them so dreadfully. In the first place, we are so very, very short-sighted that we are always tumbling over things and are known everywhere as 'those awkward Dennisons.' We cannot see the clergyman in the chancel on Sundays, or the pictures on the walls of our own rooms, and it is no use going to the Metropolitan Museum at all. When we drop things on the floor we can only find them again by creeping about and feeling for them, which nurse says is not dignified. When we look out

of the windows on rainy days we can scarcely see anything at all, and it is not much pleasure to look at a procession. We are scolded for being such impolite little girls because we never speak to people in the street, and Aunt Mary says we cut her dead all the time. When we do try to be polite and speak to people we make such awkward mistakes! A month ago Betty ran up to a gentleman in the street and said: 'I am so glad to see you!' and put up her mouth to be kissed, and it wasn't Uncle John at all, but a strange man, who laughed, and said, 'he guessed he didn't mind,' and Betty was so mortified! Madge, too, only last week ran down stairs and hugged the carpenter who came to mend our shutters, thinking it was Uncle John, and the carpenter is not a very nice man. If the street is crowded little Lottie is in great danger of being lost, for she is so short that she cannot see over people's heads, and it is no use going to the curbstone, for she is too blind to see any distance. She has been lost twice lately for more than an hour, and nurse was so frightened!

"These, dear grandpapa, are only a few of the accidents that happen to us, and we know how much glasses would help us, for we confess that we have a pair among us now. Uncle John's friend, Mr. Elwood, gave them to us one day at the museum when we were peering about trying to see, and he said, 'Here, you three blind mice, see if my glasses will help you!' and it was as if a new world had opened before us, it was just wonderful. When he found out how much we liked them he said we might keep them and take turns, but Uncle John said we must never let you see us wear them, for you hated glasses on women. That night we all saw the stars for the first time, and we cried they were so beautiful. You have never seen us wear them because we always wait at the pantomime until you go to sleep, which is fortunately pretty soon, and then we begin to take turns, but it is so hard to look through until you count ten and then pass them on, and it is rather distracting to count exactly when you are so interested. But, of course, being Dennisons, we must be strictly honorable—papa told us so. Nurse says that she thinks it is because you think women who wear glasses never get married, but

we know that dear mamma wore them, and she could not have married a more perfect man than papa.

"But even if we don't get married we will be quite satisfied, for Betty is going to keep house for papa as soon as she is old enough, and Madge is going to be a missionary to the Africans, and Lottie says she is going to take care of you when you are very, very old, for she was named after your dear and only daughter, and she means to take her place and close your poor eyes when God calls you.

"Hoping, dear grandpapa, that you will read this petition favorably, we sign it.

"ELIZABETH PEMBROKE DENNISON.

"MARGARET VAN ARSDALEN DENNISON.

"CHARLOTTE ISABEL DENNISON.

"Nurse having read the above is willing to sign her name also.

"It's all true as gospel, them children's blind as moles.

"BRIDGET O'NEILL."

When copied in Betty's best handwriting and carefully folded, this production was considered by all three to be a grand success, and they decided to ask James to lay it in front of their grandfather's plate at dinner, for they did not wish to run the risk of losing the cherished glasses that they had confessed to owning until the pantomime was over.

And now while these little girls are eating their holiday dinner and enjoying the ice-cream and cakes with which they were regaled, you must be told who these children were and how they came to be living alone with their grandfather in this great, dreary house.

About fourteen years before the time this story begins, Captain Philip Pembroke Dennison, then a lieutenant in the army, became engaged to a sweet, shy little woman with short-sighted eyes and no particular social position. She had not even beauty, and old Mr. Dennison, who had set his heart on quite a different marriage for his handsome son, refused to receive the bride or go to her wedding.

The poor young wife was heart-broken at this estrangement between father and son of which she was the cause, and, with a view to conciliate, as the little girls made their appearance in the world, she refused to have any of them called

by her own pretty name of "Ethel," which the fond husband would have liked, and gave the babies old family names, such as the Dennisons loved to give their children.

The eldest was called after Mr. Dennison's mother, who was a "Pembroke," a fact of which he had always been exceedingly proud; the second after his wife, Captain Dennison's mother, who came of an old Knickerbocker family, and who had been dead many years, while the third received the name of the old gentleman's only daughter, who had nearly broken his heart by dying when she was just eighteen.

Poor Mrs. Dennison even tried to call them by their aristocratic names, but she was such a tender-hearted little woman that love soon shortened them to Betty and Madge and Lottie.

The grandfather was secretly much pleased with the children's names, but he was too proud to say so, and besides was grievously disappointed that there was no grandson, for his eldest son John was childless.

Before little Lottie was three years old the gentle mother had died and the old grandfather, with a tardy repentance, urged his son to send the children to him to be educated, and when, a few months later, Captain Dennison was ordered to change his station, he was glad enough to accept the offer, especially as he had promised his wife to do so if he had an opportunity.

So this was how they had come to live with their grandfather in his big, lonely house, and play in the old nursery that had been freshly done up in honor of their arrival, but which had been the play-room of another generation of Dennisons in the days gone by.

They had now been living there for nearly four years, and their grandfather was very kind to them, but he was a formal old gentleman who had long ago forgotten how to talk to children, if, indeed, he had ever known, and he only saw them at breakfast and dessert. They tried to overcome their shyness and be entertaining, but their short-sighted eyes gave them a stupid look and took away the little beauty they possessed, and the Dennisons were great admirers of beautiful women.

If they had been able to open their eyes wide and hold up their heads he would have discovered that they would probably be quite pretty some day; that Betty had a very aristocratic face when she was not peering at something, and was going to have style; that Madge looked like her father, who was dark like all the Dennisons, and that little Lottie, so much like her dead mother in her coloring, was likely to grow up far prettier than she had ever been.

This afternoon he was going to take them all to see the pantomime of Cinderella, which was quite a sacrifice on his part, as he despised pantomimes, and, as the children said, always went to sleep.

He did not know of the glasses so securely tied around Betty's neck—the glasses which she was to have all to herself that afternoon—and never noticed the blinking eyes of Madge and Lottie. Betty urged them repeatedly to take "just one look," but they refused to do it, and enjoyed the sacrifice because it was her birthday.

When the pantomime was over it was quite dark—it gets dark so early on winter afternoons—and although their grandfather tried hard to keep them together, they became separated in the crowd, and when they were out on the sidewalk they missed little Lottie. Madge was sure she saw her up the street a short distance, and ran so fast and went so far—only to find out she was mistaken—that she was with difficulty recovered again.

Betty boldly put on the glasses and gazed around in all directions, moaning occasionally:

"If Lottie only had the glasses, if she only had them she might find us again!"

Finally Mr. Dennison sent the two children home in a cab whose driver he knew, for he had not taken his own carriage that afternoon, and then, with the aid of a policeman, went on a weary round up one street and down another, sending telegrams to all parts of the city, and offering large rewards for the return of his little granddaughter.

At last, tired, and sick at heart, he turned his steps homeward, hoping to hear some news there; but nothing had been heard of the child. The butler pressed him to eat, reminding him how necessary it was for him to keep up his

strength if he wished to help in the search, but when he sat down at the table he noticed the curious document lying by his plate, and began to read its remarkable contents. He smiled sometimes at the little trials enumerated therein, and frowned prodigiously over the two men mistaken for elegant Uncle John; but when he came to the part where little Lottie said she did not mean to marry at all, but wished to stay with him when he was very, very old, and take his dear dead daughter's place, and close his poor eyes when God should call him, he remembered that the little girl who was so tender and loving to him was lost! and bending his gray head in his hands he wept as he had never wept since the day his daughter had died and left him alone in a lonely house.

He sobbed out now and then:

"If I can only get her back again she shall have all the eye-glasses she wants, and I will be so loving, so loving to her!"

The old butler was terrified to see his anguish.

He pushed away the plate set before him, and began to pace the floor, wringing his hands and moaning aloud, and he looked years older than when he had left the house, stately and smiling, that afternoon.

The clock struck "ten, eleven, twelve," but no Lottie came back. The children had sobbed themselves to sleep, and the maids were huddled together in the housekeeper's room, suggesting one plan after another, and telling tales of all the lost children they had ever heard of, and so the night wore on.

The next morning was "Candlemas Day," and in every Roman Catholic church the priests gave out at the different services that a child had been lost, giving a description of Lottie, and adding that if any one knew the whereabouts of such a child, and did not immediately give the information, he or she would be committing a dreadful sin.

After the service was over at St. Patrick's, an old woman went to the priest and told him that the woman who lived next door to her had brought such a child home with her the night before, and she thought was keeping her for a reward, and half an hour later little Lottie, white-

faced and trembling, was clasped in her grandfather's arms.

He kissed and hugged her until the small damsel almost wondered if he had been changed in that awful night to some one else, for he had grown so affectionate. And then, when they had all petted her to their heart's content, she told how she had been lost, sitting on grandfather's knee while she was telling it, and having her hair stroked by his trembling hand.

It seemed that after they had been separated, a decent-looking woman had stepped up to Lottie and said:

"Are you looking for any one, little girl?" and Lottie had told her about her grandfather and sisters.

"There they go up the street!" said the woman, "run fast and you can catch up!"

So they ran for two blocks, and then she suddenly whisked Lottie up a little court and pushed her into an open door which she afterward locked. When the child cried, and told where she lived and begged to be taken home, the woman promised to do it the next morning, and said she was too tired to go out again.

"And then she took something out of a big bottle," said Lottie, "and soon afterward went to sleep in her chair.

"I cried and cried on the lounge where she had put me, until at last I fell asleep too, and never woke up until this morning, when the big policeman came and carried me home."

Then grandfather told them that he had read the petition so favorably that he meant to keep it as long as he lived as his most cherished possession, and that he

was going to take them all the very next day to see Dr. Sewell, the great oculist, and have them properly fitted with glasses that would help their poor, short-sighted eyes; and all that afternoon he stayed in the nursery with them, and told such delightful stories about the other little Dennisons who had played there; even going back to the time when he was young himself, and had played there with his own brothers and sisters, long since dead.

How they laughed and clapped their hands over the funny tales, and wept over the sad ones, and then Betty got the new book and read to him about Perseus and the three Gray Sisters, and told him how afraid they had been that they also would only have one eye among them all their lives; but this time they finished the story.

They were the short-sighted sisters, and of course short-sighted they must always remain; but they have glasses now, through which they see as well as any one, and they hold up their heads and keep their backs straight like all the Dennisons; and grandfather has actually been so converted from the error of his ways as to think eye-glasses even becoming to them.

But whenever his eyes rest upon little Lottie's fair, shining head, and he remembers how in the days when he was cold and unloving, she had decided to stay with him always, and take care of him when he was very, very old, and close his poor eyes when God should call him—he sees the golden locks but dimly, and through a mist of tears.

JANET ARMSTRONG.

ORANGES. Intimate as many of us may think our acquaintance with the orange to be, there are probably few persons not directly concerned with the subject who have any idea how slight our general knowledge of the fruit still is. How many varieties of the orange do we actually know by sight in this country? Perhaps some six or seven. And yet Brazil alone produces forty-two different species. St. Michael's, once our leading

source of supply and inseparably linked with the orange by name, has two or three kinds—the pale, thin-skinned, and luscious "special," for instance.

It is said that rice furnishes the principal food of three-quarters of the human race. Originally a native of the East Indies, it is now cultivated in all quarters of the globe where the conditions of warmth and moisture are suitable.

HOME CIRCLE.

WINTER STUDY AND AMUSEMENT.

OLD COLONIAL EVENINGS—PREPARATION FOR CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

HALF a dozen families living in the same neighborhood in a small town have for the past few years sought to fill their evenings with innocent, and if possible instructive "fun," often of a nature that *all*, old and young, may enjoy.

Though limited as to money, the young people are inventive, bright, and merry, contentedly making good use of the means at hand, thus managing to have without stint, "lots of good times."

A series of old colonial evenings has been interesting the "Jolly Dozen," while a love of country and historical events is certainly developed by taking part in these "colonial" evenings.

The "Jolly Dozen" consulted history and description, dress, manners, and customs of the old colonial people as nearly as possible, without an expenditure of money. They copied the costumes worn by them. An old spinning-wheel, also a little wheel, was resurrected from their hiding-place, the garret in an old house occupied by two grandmothers, who taught the young girls how to spin "real stockin' yarn," while another "quilled," filled "quills" (spool used in weaving cloth) with yarn, and a third reeled at the little wheel "spun" yarn into "hanks" or balls.

Immense "meetin'" bonnets for "ye women folks," three-cornered hats for "ye menne" were faithful copies of ye olden time "head-gear."

Nor were the white wigs and cues of cotton forgotten, or small breeches, shirt ruffles, and gay vests omitted from the "property" belonging to the company.

Old poems and songs descriptive of the times were hunted up, and thrilling events recited or related in costume, upon specified evenings. Old-fashioned names are taken by those who do not personate some well-known character. For the girls there is, Deliverance, Prudence, Faith, Hope, Perseverance, Dorothy and Me-

hitabel. For the boys, Ebenezer, Abiram, Jason, Jabez, Jeduthun, and Eleazer.

There should be an open fire-place, a crane, "skillet and lid," pair of bellows to blow the fire, and a hickory broom to brush up the hearth.

To make this broom, procure at any cooper shop coarse shavings or fine hickory splints at least ten inches long. Tack and tie to one end of a rough broom-handle a bundle of these splints until you have formed a neat broom.

Dog-irons of some style must not be forgotten, if they are procurable. In every neighborhood, unless it is the very newly settled ones, there are usually families who have preserved some of these old-time articles.

Among other old-fashioned articles which will add to the entertainments given by the old colonials are, brass candlesticks and snuffers. Silver ones were used by the "quality." For some of the evenings, a lard lamp may be wanted. For this partly fill a saucer with lard, and put in a twisted wick of rags. Tallow candles are used instead of gas or kerosene. A huge bread-tray, primitive box cradle, and three-legged stool should be included in the furniture.

If home amusement only be desired, it will not be necessary to expend time and much labor in the furnishing of the "colonial hall."

If a very few really old articles only can be obtained, make those answer.

If the study is taken up at the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, let the first evening be

"Gleanings" from ye old pages of history.

Each old colonial must in a five minutes talk, tell why the Declaration should have been signed. There should be a Tory, or a pair of them, good, loyal subjects of King George, to lament in mournful plaints the base ingratitude of an ungrateful child.

The Declaration should be read and dis-

cussed by the sturdy "rebels," though the "loyal" Tories loudly protest.

"Ye women" must cheer and encourage, promising to tend "ye sheep," "clip ye fleece," "dye it a good, honest butternut brown, or indigo blue," "spin, weave ye cloth," and make it into "men's wear." "Ye soldiers' feet shall not go cold for want of 'stockin's'."

Each one of the Jolly Dozen is required to relate at least one item of interesting history pertaining to the subject presented. Though correct dates are required, the anecdotes are to be told in an informal, pleasing manner. During the evening a story or description of ye olden times will be read by one of the club.

As the "study" progresses, the events may be illustrated. The capture of Major André may be personated by the Major, barehead and without shoes, offering his captors a bribe.

There are many stories written for the young people which tell of a heroic deed done by the "youngsters" of 1776, one being the story of the little fifer, John Holden, of Shirley, Mass., who, though a small lad, was a faithful "chore boy," wearing contentedly his homespun suit.

As a reward for his "good conduct," he was presented with a beautiful silver trimmed fife, and became a beautiful musician. When the war was threatened he longed to join those "rebellious colonials."

One evening at bed-time he asked: "Father, if the British do come, shall I go to war with my life?"

The father laughingly replied: "Of course, my son, they could not get along without you."

After the war did begin, John Holden one day disappeared, and his dog come home alone, went to the boy's bed and began to moan, and mourned himself to death in less than one week after John's going away.

After two years' absence, and being given up for dead, he was discovered in General Washington's army.

His father found his little son a splendid "fifer," drilling some raw recruits, well beloved by officers and privates, and the happiest boy in the Continental army.

There are many such interesting stories which will give pleasant employment to

the young people appointed to look them up for the colonial evenings. As these evenings are progressive, their interest will increase as more of the story is told.

A newer and deeper respect and love for the men, women, and young people who dared so much for freedom's sake, will find a place in the hearts of those who gain a clearer insight into these sturdy old colonials. A series of old "colonial evenings" will be especially helpful in preparing an exceptionally fine programme for the celebrating the anniversary of General Washington's birth.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

NEEDLES FROM THE PINES.

IT has been said that there is nothing new under the sun, that nature and history constantly repeats itself. It doubtless is true, but people are made to keep on learning, and each day holds a little lesson of wisdom and knowledge for all who will keep their eyes and ears open and will gather and use the little helps that fall across their way. It is a blessed thing that no one can know everything from the very beginning of their existence. Life, in such a case, would be like a thoroughly read book, there would be no eagerness to turn to the next chapter, no anxiety to talk to people for the sake of hearing something new. We are never too old to learn, and the idea that is old to one may be new to another and bring just the help and comfort that they need or want. Some new ideas have come into my possession lately, and I am going to give them to you, hoping they will be a help to some one.

The first is bran bags, and we have had a good chance lately to give them a thorough trial, and the sufferer pronounced them a success, far superior to hot salt bags or hot plates. We used them in a case of gravel, where hot applications over the kidney were needed to help relieve the terrible pain. I made two white cotton bags, sixteen inches long, by four and one half inches wide, filled them a little more than half full with dry bran, then tied up the open end tight. Then I put the tin steamer on the stove over plenty of hot water, shook the bran through the bag, doubled it up this shape Δ , and put it in

the steamer, letting the two ends rest on the bottom of the steamer, while the middle of the bag pointed up to the cover. Put on the cover and in a few minutes the bag will be piping hot. Take out and put on the patient and fold and put the other bag in the steamer. By folding and steaming that way they get perfectly hot, yet do not get scarcely a bit damp. By having two bags you can carry the hot one to the bed and change so quickly that the patient does not get chilled waiting. They have been used with good success in a case of pleurisy, and they are so light and comfortable that they do not hurt the flesh made tender and sore by severe pain. Neither do they burn the hands like cloths rung out of hot water do, and they are far better in every respect. We have also had a chance to use them for a severe cold that settled on the lungs. Before the bran bag knowledge we always used flaxseed meal or mustard poultices, but this time we used the hot bran bags and they brought relief quicker than anything else we have ever tried. I know from experience all about the beauty and power of the different remedies, for it was on my lungs that they were tested at different times, and I pronounce the bran bags the best remedy we have yet tried.

When you are through using the bags, hang near the stove, or out in the hot sun, turning often, and dry thoroughly, and then put them away in a dry place, and there they are, ready for use as soon as a pain makes itself known. Try them once, and my word for it, you will bless the day you heard of bran bags. The cost is very slight, five cents' worth of bran being more than we used. If the bran sours it would be a good plan to empty the bags and put in new.

It is a great satisfaction to be prepared for the various pains that stand ready to clutch one, and little remedies quickly applied often save long sickness and big doctor bills. When a person is wild with pain the worried workers cannot think of everything, and often a good remedy is forgotten or goes unused because knowledge will often evaporate when most needed, or because there is no time or material to prepare the remedy.

Perhaps some of you would like to turn from the aches and pains of this chapter to something sweet and pleasant. Pain

cannot last forever, but eating never goes out of fashion, and, like the "three black crows," we seem to be continually asking, "What shall we do for grub to ate?" At certain seasons of the year, and by some people, the question seems to be easily answered, but by others it is a question that asks itself over and over until the tired brain feels as if housekeeping and cooking was a delusion and a snare for inexperience or slim pocket-books.

In these days of small pay and strikes something good and nourishing at small expense is what is needed, and yet a dainty is often relished by the hard worker. Some people like puddings better than pies, and most puddings are quicker and easier prepared than pies, which is often a great advantage. Some folks like to go and make the old fashioned check-apron visits, but they often start at the eleventh hour and then expect a good dinner with a piece of nice cake or pudding or pie as a finish. Well, here is a pudding that is suitable for just such an occasion, and it is good enough to fill any sweet tooth:

BLACKBERRY PUDDING.—Fill a large, rather deep earthen baking-dish half full of fresh, ripe blackberries and sprinkle a little sugar over them. Then make a rich biscuit dough, stir it as thick as you can with a spoon, and turn it over the berries and spread and smooth the dough until every berry is covered. Then put in an oven as hot as you would have it for biscuits, and bake. Eat hot with sugar, and if enough juice does not run from the berries to make the sauce, pass around the milk pitcher. If you use canned blackberries, or other canned fruit, turn off most of the juice, heat it, and use it to turn over the pudding at the table. Of course it must be well sweetened. Apples or other fresh fruit can be used in place of the berries and are very nice, or you can stir dried fruit all through the batter, then bake and eat with sweet pudding sauce or with milk and sugar. Once I used fresh pie-plant in place of the berries, but it was a failure for us. Some things are good in certain conditions, but are failures in others. Pie-plant is one of them. I have another idea that I intended to send, but it will keep until some other time, for it is good, so "they" say.

HOPE STUART.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

"**M**ONEY, money, you are *always* asking for money," exclaimed John Smith, fiercely.

"But, John—"

"I don't want to hear explanations," interrupted Mr. Smith, savagely. "I insist upon less extravagance. *I* get a dinner down-town, therefore it is unnecessary to have meat and vegetables for breakfast," he said, waving his hand majestically toward the remains of the appetizing breakfast that his wife had set before him.

"The children are growing and need substantial food," said Mrs. Smith, deprecatingly.

"While I think of it," resumed Mr. Smith, ignoring, with calm disdain, his wife's remarks concerning the children, "I might as well express my opinion about having so much company. Refreshments cost money and *I* don't really care for that sort of thing. If *you* had to earn the money you'd think twice before spending it," concluded Mr. Smith, emphatically.

Visions of the agonizing mental calculation that preceded the investment of every dollar that left her possession flitted through Mrs. Smith's tired brain. Various petty economies were resorted to in order to occasionally serve to friends the light, inexpensive refreshments which, in spite of the fact that they were always "made out of next to nothing," proved to be very appetizing specimens of one woman's ingenuity.

"I am sure we don't have a great deal of company," began Mrs. Smith, apologetically.

"I'm not a Vanderbilt, madam," said Mr. Smith, sternly. "The line must be drawn somewhere or I will be a ruined man."

Taking a well-filled wallet from his pocket he extracted a bill, and tossing it upon the table, said, with a frown:

"Two dollars is all that I can spare this morning, and you must make it do until the first of next week for I'm a little short of funds this month."

Glancing at his watch, Mr. Smith seized his hat and overcoat and with a muttered imprecation concerning the extravagance of women in general, rushed out of the

house as though pursued by an avenging spirit.

On the way to his office, Mr. Smith met two friends whom he had not seen for several weeks.

"Ah! Jones, Brown, glad to see you. Come and take dinner with me at Bailey's," he said with a genial smile. Later on a representative of the "Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Women in Foreign Lands" called upon Mr. Smith to solicit a subscription.

"I am always willing to give my mite toward elevating the human race," said Mr. Smith, benignly, as he placed a five-dollar bill in the agent's outstretched hand. "Don't hesitate to call upon me whenever you come this way," he concluded, rubbing his hands together vigorously.

"Would yez be after helpin' a poor widdy, sar? Shure an' it's meself that's had tin childhern, an' they're all down wid the faver an' it's not a bite or a sup they've had fer a wake past," whined a voice, at Mr. Smith's elbow, as he emerged from Bailey's restaurant, accompanied by the friends whom he had invited to dine with him.

"Certainly, certainly, my good woman," said Mr. Smith, thrusting a dollar into the woman's dirty palm. "There is a great deal of misery in the world," said Mr. Smith, addressing his friends, "and I always make it a practice to do my part toward alleviating it whenever I have an opportunity. That poor creature knows the value of money," continued Mr. Smith, sagely, "and could teach to women of an extravagant turn of mind a much needed lesson in economy."

The "poor creature" was, at this moment quaffing the contents of a glass which she held in her hand, and a moment later, with a maudlin leer upon her bloated countenance, gave to her companions a vivid description of "the soft-hearted chap who swallowed the widdy yarn 'thout winkin'."

Mrs. Smith heard the front-door close with a bang. A faint color tinged her pale cheeks, and rising she walked rapidly to and fro across the room. She carefully avoided glancing at the crisp greenback which lay upon the table where her husband had thrown it.

"I must beg for every cent!" she cried

passionately. "I wonder what Alice and Robbie would say if they knew that their mother was a pauper," she muttered, grimly. "I have worked hard for years and have saved in every way, and yet I am accused of *extravagance*. If—if I could earn money, it would be my own, and I could buy things for the children and myself without asking—*him* for it."

Mrs. Smith sighed wearily. The cozy dining-room seemed very unattractive on this particular morning. She felt like an imprisoned bird in a brightly gilded cage. She picked up the morning paper and glanced through the various columns mechanically. A paragraph in the "Want" column attracted her attention. Grasping the paper nervously, she read aloud the following advertisement:

WANTED:—Lady to do copying at home. A rapid writer can earn from six to eight dollars per week. Ellis & Co., No. 49 E. 29th St.

Mrs. Smith re-read the advertisement at least half a dozen times. A determined expression settled around her tightly-closed lips.

"I will call this afternoon and apply for the work," she said, decidedly.

"The work will be called for when finished," said Mr. Ellis after preliminaries concerning ability, etc., had been satisfactorily arranged.

"I can hardly realize that I will soon have money that will be *entirely* my own," murmured Mrs. Smith, as she hurried homeward. Her step was buoyant and her spirits correspondingly elastic.

When John Smith entered his domicile, a few hours later, he was pleased to note that his wife's countenance wore the proverbial "smile" which he declared should be a fixture upon the face of every woman who had a comfortable home. He watched her quizzically as she flitted from room to room attending to her household duties, and finally declared mentally that he "was glad Mary had come to her senses without having any more *scenes*."

As time passed on, John Smith began to realize that the old order of things had changed in many ways. He missed the timid request for money to procure necessities for the children. The friends who occasionally came to pass a social evening were not deprived of the customary re-

freshments, but in addition to the inexpensive delicacies were permitted to partake of numerous appetizing tid-bits that required *something*, and a great deal of it, in their preparation.

"The children look comfortable," he thought, on several occasions, "in fact, they appear to be unusually well-dressed."

His glance sometimes rested upon his wife, whose garments received so many of the "touches" that go far toward enhancing feminine attractiveness.

"I don't understand it," soliloquized Mr. Smith, one morning as he wended his way in the direction of his office. "Mary isn't impatient with the children," he continued, thoughtfully, "she is kind to me," Mr. Smith frowned ominously. "I suppose she would think it undignified to throw in a little sentiment occasionally," he muttered, regretfully.

"I tell you, sir, there is nothing more degrading to a woman than to be compelled to *ask* her husband for every cent, and insult is added to injury when he requests her to give an account of the manner in which she invests the money. Why I know women whose husbands are well fixed, who are compelled to earn money themselves in order to retain their self-respect. There's John Smith's wife, as fine a woman as ever lived, does copying for Ellis, and—" the speaker and his companion passed on, but John Smith had heard enough to enable him to view the whole situation. Various emotions surged through his heart. Indignation clamored for precedence.

"What right has Mary to do anything that will compromise her husband's dignity?"

"Had your wife no dignity to uphold?" whispered conscience.

"I always gave her money when she asked for it," growled Mr. Smith.

"And made her feel like a pauper begging for alms," murmured conscience.

As the day wore on, Mr. Smith softened perceptibly.

"She's been a good wife to me and I've been—a *brute*," muttered Mr. Smith, swallowing a lump in his throat. "Her vivacity and independence of character charmed me before we were married, how she must despise me," he thought, wincing. "I'll have to face the mortification—for people evidently know that

my wife works for her living—but there will be a new order of things from this time on, as sure as my name is John Smith," he said, emphatically.

Mrs. Smith was preoccupied and did not notice the marked change in her husband's demeanor.

"Can you give me half an hour of your time this evening, Mary," asked Mr. Smith, kindly.

"I—I am very busy," replied Mrs. Smith, surprised at the unusual demand, "but of course I will grant your request," she added, quickly.

"And now, Mary," said Mr. Smith, three hours later, after the plans for their mutual benefit had been decided upon, "this pocket-book," extending a well-filled purse, "is your own. It will be refilled at regular intervals and 'no questions asked,'" he said, smiling.

"Do you know, John," said Mrs. Smith, confidently, "even though I—I had my own money, life sometimes seemed dreadfully dreary."

"Poor little woman," said John Smith, tenderly, "we both need a little of the sentiment that smooths the rough edge of every-day life. I have learned my lesson, dear wife, and although I shall never refuse to help a fellow-mortal, I shall never for one moment forget that 'charity begins at home.'"

M. A. THURSTON.

PHILURY ROSEBURY'S RAG CARPET.

A LITTLE HOMELY HELPING HAND-WORK.

"A BEAU-TI-FUL day for my work. Callers won't interrupt me, and I feel more reconciled to sorting old rags an' plannin' out a rag carpet," said Mrs. Philury Rosebury, one of the thriftiest women in Fisherville, as she surveyed the heap of "old clo's" piled high upon the kitchen floor, upon a November morning.

"Tinkle, tinkle," sounded the rain-drops which plashed upon the window-pane.

The kitchen table was clean and white, the wood-stove beautifully polished, and a good fire burned brightly.

There were white curtains at the windows, good old-fashioned plants, pinks, larkspurs, and ragged ladies, growing in pots upon the "flower-shelf."

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"Widow Rosebury," as she sat in the "cane-seat rocker," scissors in hand, was an attractive addition to the cheerful and cozy kitchen. Only a "little past thirty," Philury Rosebury's fair, round face, hazel eyes, and dimpled chin had not lost its prettiness.

For five years "Widow Rosebury," with her two little girls, had elected to "hoe her own row" and carry out dear William's last wishes, which meant paying out for the home and living in seclusion.

Naturally it "went a leetle mite ag'in the grain" for companionable Philury Rosebury to abjure all society, keeping strictly in a "widdler's place," as William's folks thought becomin'.

She dearly loved "people" and "com-p'ny," feeling that "likin'" to be almost a carnal one.

"Patter, patter," the rain came down in copious showers.

"If I *must*, I s'pose I must. I r'ally don't need a rag carpet, wouldn't have one on my kitchen floor, but something must be done with this heap of old clothes.

"The little girls do grow out their gowns faster than I can make 'em new ones.

"William's sisters have brought me over a raft of old-fashioned things. I'll declare it's most sinful to cut up into strips good flannel an' merino, but then there's the moths. Oh! my patience, somebody's at the front door. Mis' Kline, mebbe, and she's deaf. I think I'll resk callin' out to her, as my lap is full.

"C-o-m-e i-n, come i-n, c-o-m-e i-n. if ya like, if not—oh! my, oh! my. Mr. Russell, who could—who could have thought that any mortal would have left the fireside to venture out in such weather."

"Unfortunately we bachelors must usually find our good cheer away from home. Pardon my coming in, you gave me my choice, and I chose to come in," said the caller, the new minister, who had taken the pulpit so long filled by the beloved old pastor.

The Fisherville people to a unit liked Paul Embury, though there were those who thought him lacking in the dignity and reserve becoming a minister.

Philury Rosebury laughed, blushed a little, but rose equal to the occasion, wel-

comed her guest, giving him a seat beside the heap of cast-off clothes.

The last "social" and mite society had been talked over when Mrs. Rosebury began to tear into strips a whole garment, a scarlet merino dress, once a perfect fit for little Ethel.

"Mrs. Rosebury, are you—are you—what are you going to do with these good clothes?" inquired Paul Embury.

"I—I mean to make a rag carpet. Why do you ask?" replied the little woman, surprised and confused by the question.

"I—that is—would you care very much to do without it? I mean, do you think rag carpets beautiful?" was the next query.

"Mercy, no; I can't abide 'em. Regular dust gatherers. It takes time to cut and sew the rags, then the chain and weaving costs, but what can one do with old duds that will accumulate," said Mrs. Rosebury, staying her hand.

"I came out here, hoping to enlist your services in a little work some old friends are doing for those who need a helping hand and cheering word. There are bodies, large and small ones, that will suffer from exposure in the winter's storms and wind unless better protected than they can hope to be if help is not given them.

"Improvident and idle some of them, no doubt, are, but we must bear in mind that Christ told us we are to have His poor with us always. We more favored mortals cannot know just how hard the struggle for existence has been, or the odds against the weak. But we do know God hath said, 'Blessed is he that remembereth the poor, the Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed of all the earth,'" said the minister, earnestly.

A sympathetic tear came into the hazel eyes as Philury Rosebury hastened to say that "she gave every cent that could be spared for charitable work, and that old clothes were an insult to even a very poor person."

Paul Embury's call was a short one, and his good-bye was:

"Please look about you a little before tearing into strips one of these old garments. Without additional expense you will be able to make the 'winter' more

endurable for several little ones who will need warm gowns and go without unless a kind friend heeds the 'Remember the poor,' a charge given so long ago."

Philury Rosebury sat for an hour afterward, as William's thrifty sister would have said: "Wastin' precious time in thinkin'."

But our littlewoman was also planning, now that her eyes were opened, and she saw such possibilities in that heap of "old clo's."

"I've positively be'n guilty of a sin in makin' that ninety yards of rag carpet when there's the poor asylum that's crowded with pore cre'tures this year, an' the orphans' home filled with little ones needin' good things that I have withheld from 'em," said Mrs. Rosebury, aloud. "William's folks won't approve of it," she continued, "but my mind is made up. To-day I'll plan an' to-morrow set to work in earnest.

"First, I mean to have a little fit to the gowns that I send to the folks that's to wear 'em. The boys shall not dread to put on one of my *gifts*, for a coat that I send 'em won't be an old thing made for a man, and not changed much for the ten-year old boy who dreads to wear that 'swaller tail coat,' though it is fine cloth. Boys dread bein' laughed at. Who blames 'em?

"For the little fellers' jackets I can take pieces of warm, soft cloth that will really look well. There'll be big buttons sewed on strong and tight on every waist and jacket.

"The girls must have warm skirts an' stockin's, as well as gowns. There's plenty of material here, an' Miss Plummer will be glad to help make 'em if I pay her in fruit.

"For that dear old lady, whose face is so sad and sweet, who lives with those shif'less Baggs, I do believe I can get a nice warm gown from this green merino William's sister gave me for a green stripe. It will color black beautifully."

The list of "comfortable" gowns, coats, skirts, etc., grew as wardrobes were looked over.

The Roseburys were a "dressy" family and bought new and good articles often before the old was soiled much.

Philury Rosebury's work interested friends who enlisted straightway in the

work. One bright young woman said, as she finished the last of twelve neatly and well-made warm gowns (the material taken from parts of her out-of-the-style ones):

"I have never enjoyed fancy-work so much as the making of these little gowns."

"William's folks" did mourn the loss of that rag carpet for "Philury," and watch uneasily the "growin' likin' of William's widder for minglin' with the world and tendency to wastefulness, an' encouragin' shif'lessness in poor people by workin' an' doin' for 'em."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

"HOW TO PROMOTE PATRIOTISM."

AS I was reading a prominent newspaper a few days ago the expression, "How to promote patriotism," attracted my attention. I am not a statesman or a politician, I am not even a voter, only the mother of one who will be, when ten years more have passed over his boyish head. With our vast country and its diversity of race and color, politics and creeds, palatial mansions and humble cottages where dwell representatives of every nation upon earth, this problem is a serious one and of vital importance. From an American woman's standpoint let me give you the answer to the question.

Mothers, from the pine-crowned hills of Maine to the sunny shores of the Pacific, teach your children from their very cradle to love God first and their country next. In the annals of the past we never read of the sons of thoughtless, frivolous women working for the good of the nation; they could never have produced a Declaration of Independence, vanquished the tyranny of a king, formed a republic, built churches, endowed colleges, established the press, preserved the Union, and emancipated a race.

Mothers, let the Bible and the *History of the United States* lie side by side. Cannot the childish heart be won by the story of Columbus as easily as by *Jack the Giant-Killer*? Has not the tale of John Smith and Pocahontas a charm equal to that of *Bluebeard*? Can the narrative of the "Mayflower" and her brave little band of devoted men and women, their

trials and triumphs, be devoid of interest? Your little men and women, in whose hands rest the future weal or woe of their country, will not need years in the school-room before they can appreciate the history of the thirteen weak little colonies and their struggles or be taught to love and honor the old flag and the heroes who gave their lives to preserve the land over which it waves.

I believe there is no child but has a natural and instinctive love for poetry; don't deprive the babies—bless them—of the dear old senseless rhymes and jingles of *Mother Goose*, but it will not be long before you can give them "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Paul Revere's Ride," "Barbara Frietchie," and "Sheridan's Ride." Make familiar as household words the names of Washington, the father of his country; Grant, its preserver, and Lincoln, its emancipator and martyr. Teach them the lesson so hard for many Americans to learn, that all men are equal in the sight of God, black and white, rich and poor, President and hod-carrier.

There is nothing like an object lesson to impress a fact upon the youthful mind; there is not a State in the Union and hardly a city or town from which may not be gathered illustrated lessons of heroism and loyalty. Only a month ago I saw a young man involuntarily raise his hat as he stood for the first time beneath the glorious old Independence bell, whose brazen throat announced the birth of a nation to a wondering world. The very ground of Penn's beautiful city seems sacred to the memory of the days of 1776. If you live in the old Bay State, where you should inhale loyalty with the oxygen you breathe, take the children to Plymouth, that their little feet may press the famous Rock and walk the streets the pilgrims trod, and in the Hall feast their eyes on quaint old relics; believe me, they will never forget the old cradle in which the first little Puritan baby—Peregrine White—slept and waked, cried and cooed like all mothers' babies under the sun, or the huge iron kettle of Miles Standish, whose dinners more than two centuries and a half ago "Priscilla, the Puritan maiden," declined to preside over.

Show them the green in Lexington and the bridge in Concord. Give them a day in Boston, with a glance at Faneuil Hall, cradle of Liberty, the old North Church, from which Robert Newman displayed the signal that sent Paul Revere on his ride through the night and down the pages of history. Stand with them, too, in the Old South "Meetin' House," and speak the name of Warren on the spot where he raised his fearless voice for freedom. Let them climb to the top of

Bunker Hill Monument, whose granite sides belong not to Boston, or Massachusetts, but to every son and daughter of these United States.

Mothers, you have the pupils, you have the text-books in noble deeds of noble men, and if the lessons are not taught by you, alas! for our country's future. Bear in mind you are shaping the destiny of States, and that in the words of a noted divine, "The mother's heart is the child's school-room."

A. LEWIS WOOD.

INDIAN VILLAGE LIFE. In Indian villages from time immemorial it has been the practice, says the author of *Life in an Indian Village*, to render mutual service. The barber attends to the carpenter in return for service rendered to him in making plows and other necessary wooden implements. In return for the crowbar, sickle, and spade supplied by the blacksmith, the potter makes cooking-vessels and pots for storing grain. The washerman washes the clothes of the physician. This system does not promote competition among village workmen, and the result is that village artisans have not reached a very high state of efficiency in their work. This is one of the disadvantages of the system of mutual service, and there are others; but it has, on the whole, very well suited the conditions and circumstances of India.

MANY a man has been driven to entertain his friends at hotels and club-rooms because he *dared* not take them home without permission from the presiding officer of the household. If, when he ventures to do this, you receive his friend as your own and seat him to a family dinner, plain but nicely served; if your attire is that of a true lady who has not lost her desire to look her best in her husband's eyes, you have added to the links of steel that knit his heart to yours, increased his affectionate admiration for the best little woman in the world.

A SOLUTION of gutta-percha for shoemakers is made by taking pieces of waste

gutta-percha, first prepared by soaking in boiling water till soft; they are then cut into small pieces and placed in a vessel and covered with coal-tar oil. The whole is then tightly corked to prevent evaporation, and allowed to stand for twenty-four hours. It is then melted by standing in hot water till perfectly fluid, and must be well stirred. Before using, it must be warmed as before by standing in hot water

Good husbands cannot be spoiled by petting. Bad ones will not be made worse by the process. They may be made better. One and all, they like it. Not only fondling and love-words, but to have the home-comings at evening to be accounted events; they enjoy pretty surprises and favorite dishes, the flower laid by the plate, the becoming gown or ribbon put on to please their eyes. It is the "little by little" that makes up the weal or woe of the life of every one of us.

ACCORDING to Dr. Paul, in *Humboldt*, the smell of artificial musk is not exactly the same as that of natural musk, but only an expert can detect the difference. Curiously enough, a one per cent. alcoholic solution has not the musky smell, which however appears on diluting it with water. With one part of solution in five thousand parts of water the odor is quite distinct. The new perfume is likely to be used in scenting soaps.

PROCRASTINATION has been called the thief of time. It is worse—it is the murderer of man's best friend.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to women are cordially invited for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking any information they may desire. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

HOW many of us have experienced a sudden chill after leaving a warm, crowded room for the frosty air, or hanging up clothes after washing! We know it is not always convenient to produce warmth by heating the feet, but there are few instances in which we might not restore free circulation of the blood by vigorously rubbing the nose, forehead, throat, arms, and over the lungs. A slow mustard plaster, placed just beneath the shoulder-blades and brought around under the arms and over the lungs will generally prevent lung fever or pneumonia, if taken in season. The beneficial qualities of mustard have recently been tested in a case of this kind in our own family, even after fever had obtained a firm hold of the patient. The impossibility of procuring a physician in time often leads to a fatal termination, especially in cases of croup. How often has the hoarse cough and labored breathing of little ones sent a chill of foreboding to the heart of the mother! The well-known remedy of lard and alum often fails to produce nausea sufficient to throw off the phlegm in the throat, and a few doses of ipecac, measured by the physician and kept sealed in a wide-mouthed bottle, will prove a friend in need. Outward applications of lard or fried onions, hot bricks, flannels and blankets, and a warm room are all necessary. It is easier to prevent croup than to cure it; if a child is at all disposed to the disease be sure that its feet are kept dry always.

Gargling turpentine for loss of voice is excellent, and as prevention is better than

cure in this, also, let the feet be kept warm and dry and the lungs well protected. Shoulder capes can be made of pant-legs by sewing together lengthwise, shirring across the shoulders and around the neck, thus hiding the seams, and are handy for the children, and mothers as well. We often sigh over the number of stitches that must be taken before all are made comfortable for the winter, but patience and good-will work wonders, and how much heavier would be our burden were but one of our dear ones taken from our care forever!

AUNT HOPE.

["Aunt Hope" has the thanks of every reader of "Notes" for her pleasant, instructive articles; she has our thanks as well for the appreciative words, taken from her personal letter, which we trust will find an echo in every heart: "Soon the happy greetings of Christmas will be here, and I think we can safely say that from the heart of every 'HOME' reader expressions of thanks will go forth to the editors of our loved magazine. For the lessons of faith, hope, and charity taught, and for the kindly hands that have been and are stretched forth to help and cheer the women of our land, we would return sincere thanks and say, 'long live ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE!'" And right here the editor of the "HOME" Housekeeper wishes to make an especial suggestion; let every friend of the Magazine, who desires to promote the circulation of healthy, pure literature, secure one new subscriber if no more. This will require but little individual effort, but the increase in the subscription list and the appreciation manifested by such concerted action will make glad the hearts of the "HOME" publishers, and enable them to cater even more liberally than heretofore to the tastes and wishes of their readers.]

"EVERY-DAY" SUGGESTIONS.

DEAR "HOME":—I have taken your magazine for years, and while enjoying

its contents many an hour has been passed pleasantly that otherwise must have been lonely. I am a physician's wife, and to those of the sisters who are similarly situated need not explain. I have read many "Notes" of encouragement and tested recipes from other house-keepers, and hereby offer one for an "every-day" cake which I should like all to try: One cup sorghum molasses (no other kind will do), one-half cup each of sugar and butter, three-fourths cup of sour milk, one heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, three eggs, about one tablespoonful of ginger, and same of allspice, and flour enough to make a batter; not too stiff, or it will not be good. A definite rule for measurement of flour it is hard to give, the thickening properties of the different brands vary so; a very good way is to try a little of the batter in a tiny pan before baking the whole. This cake is excellent baked in gem-pans. To take cake from pans without sticking, grease the pans with lard, then immediately after taking from the oven loosen the edges of the cake and set on a wet cloth for a moment, when it will turn out whole. If bread or cake is wrapped up while hot, the moisture will be retained and the food much nicer in consequence.

I am lying on a sick bed to-day, and can realize how terrible it would be to be confined there for months. How often we ought to visit the poor "shut ins" and do our share toward making life as bright for them as possible. I think, too, how often well people make life unhappy by living and working for the future only. While it is wise to think of the "rainy days," we should appreciate the present; love our little ones all we can, kiss them a hundred times where we kiss them once. Remember, when they are taken from us (I speak from experience) worlds will not bring them back for a moment. I thought I loved my little one all that a mother could, but think now that, if he were given back to me, how much more tenderly I would cherish him. But he is safe in the "upper fold." May I come again?

C. A. S.

[You surely have a cordial invitation to do so. There is comfort, after all—is there not?—in the thought that your

lamb has found the "upper fold," and is safe in the Shepherd's care.]

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

DEAR EDITOR AND "HOME" READERS:—I wish to tell the writers of our "HOME" Notes how precious and helpful their letters have been to me. I like the sentiment expressed by "Lend-a-Hand," and am also pleased that our kind "HOME" editor will allow a corner for the benefit of the "shut-in" band. This is certainly a move in the right direction. Many an invalid can be helped and encouraged by being kindly remembered, even by those unknown and unseen, with gifts that are inexpensive but pleasing to the eye. The realization thus given the sufferer that "some one thinks of me," brings buoyancy to the drooping spirits and in many cases has prolonged life. Let us, so far as possible, brighten the days of those who we know are shut-in; there are many such. Could not the "HOME" readers living far apart, send little gifts, such as flower-seeds, plants, shells, fancy work, in fact anything that will please, to the addresses of such of the "HOME" shut-ins as may be given in this department?

Before taking my leave, allow me to ask if any among the "HOME" sisters would like to engage with me in floriculture, for pleasure and for profit? I know there are many women who would be glad to become independent and self-supporting, and I know of no preferable vocation to this. I have successfully rooted hundreds of plants, have beautiful roses now in bloom that were rooted last fall and winter, and a sufficient number of hot-house plants to begin on a small scale. Our beautiful South-land is the native home of flowers, and I am sure such a branch of industry would meet with much success.

MISS BELLE SHAHAN.

Box 144, Atalla, Ala.

[We think your idea may prove a satisfactory solution of the problem of "money-getting" for women. It certainly must be a very pleasant occupation. We shall be glad to print the names and addresses of "HOME" shut-ins in this department, thus allowing opportunity for the exchange of letters, etc., between

invalids, and giving other readers the pleasure of

"Shedding rays of sunshine
In a shady place."

Will all who send in their names, or allow them sent in by friends, kindly give the date of birth for the benefit of the editor's "birth-day book?"]

—
"GOOD THINGS" FROM "SANDUSKY."

DEAR "HOME" FRIENDS:—It is so long a time since I visited you that I am almost afraid to enter your pleasant quarters without a special invitation. I bring a budget of good things, however, hoping to be thus insured a welcome. Some time ago I promised to tell you of my slumber-robe, so will give that first. Materials, about a half-skein each of twenty-five or thirty different colors and shades of best Germantown wool (odds and ends of worsteds may be used up in this way, if you have them), six skeins of black, and a large bone hook. Cut the colored wools in lengths of from four to six inches, and tie all together hit-or-miss, leaving ends about an inch long. Make a chain of the black as long as it is desired to have the slumber-robe, crochet four rows of black, then eleven rows of the colored, pushing all ends back on wrong side of work, three rows of black, and eleven of colored, and so continue until you have ten stripes of colored wools with black between and on each side. I made mine two yards long, and crochet a shell-border of black all around. It has been much admired, and I am sure you would all be pleased with it.

My next donation is of "knitted honeycomb slippers," which I think some of our band will find very acceptable for birthday or holiday gifts. Materials, one skein each of any two colors best Germantown wool (for convenience we will choose red and black), and two steel knitting-needles, No. 14. Cast on, with the black, fifteen stitches; knit across plain. Next row, knit plain to last stitch, then increase by taking up the loop before last stitch and knitting it, then knit last stitch. Next row, seam or purl to last stitch, make a stitch, knit the last. Next row, knit plain to last stitch, make

a stitch, knit the last. Now, tie in the red wool, slip first and second black stitches off without knitting, knit next two with red wool, slip next two black, and so continue to the end, slipping the last two, without increasing between. Returning, slip the black and purl the red stitches, keeping the red wool, of course, on wrong side of work. Repeat these two rows three times more, making eight rows in all. Now, take the black and increase every row, as previously directed, just before the last stitch. Knit the first, second, and fourth rows of black, and purl the third. The purling will be on the right side, but that is correct. The widening is all done in the black rows, and when knitting them all the stitches, both red and black, are knitted. I knit the front of slipper until I have twelve ridges of black. In the twelfth ridge I bind off all but twenty-six, knit to the end of needle, then proceed with the red and black as before, only there will be no widening. Make this straight piece about thirty-two ridges in length, then bind off and sew the end to other side of slipper-front. Crochet two or three rows of shells around the tops and join to the soles. These directions are for No. 4 slippers, but may be easily enlarged or made smaller, and I think will be found very pretty as well as comfortable.

And now for a "hair-pin ball." Having a quantity of wool of assorted colors and lengths which I desired to utilize, I cut two pasteboard circles about three and one-half inches in diameter, and from the centre of each a circle about one and one-half inches in diameter, threaded a coarse needle with the wool, placed the cardboard circles evenly together, and proceeded to cover them entirely, going over and over them with the wool, and passing the needle through the opening until it would hold no more. Then I cut carefully at the outer edge all the wool, pushed the cardboard pieces just far enough apart to admit a strong cord, tied it very tight, opened the circles further, tied in a narrow ribbon to suspend the ball when finished, tying the ends in a nice bow, pulled out the cardboards, clipped the ends of wool until the ball was round and even, and held it over steam for a few moments to give a fluffy appearance. This is easily made and forms an accept-

able and useful little gift, or addition to one's own dressing-table. "SANDUSKY."

[Those recipes shall have a place next month; thank you for them. Never wait for a special invitation—the latch string of the "HOME" is always out!]

HINTS ON FLORICULTURE.

Some time ago it was suggested that we give bits of experience in raising flowers. I have a little tested knowledge in this direction which I gladly send, hoping it may be of benefit to others.

Madeira vines should grow in a sunny place, with plenty of good dressing at the roots. Poppies also should have plenty of sun, but not rich soil. Petunias grow best in a very rich soil, and a little shade does not hurt them. Portulacca wants a sandy soil, and sun; can be transplanted when in bloom, if desired. Calliopsis needs sun, and common soil. Asters and dahlias require very rich soil—three-fourths dressing is not too much, with plenty of liquid in it. Morning glories will grow almost anywhere and under any circumstances. Pansies will grow in shade, with common soil. Ten-weeks-stocks and daisies need entire shade, very rich soil, and plenty of moisture. Roses and lilies-of-the-valley should be planted over a bed of dressing two feet deep; the latter need shade and moisture, the former wants the sun and only enough water to keep from dryness. When washing, water them with the suds, rinsing with clear water. Sweet peas need good soil, little shade, moisture, and something to climb on. Phlox requires only common soil.

As a rule it is far cheaper to purchase seeds than the plants, as what will pay for a single plant will often purchase a package of seed. Dahlia seeds planted in rich soil will often bloom the first season; I have also some gladiolus from seeds which I planted in a box of good, sandy rotten-wood soil. They are doing well but not bloom until the third summer.

M. JONES.

SOME TESTED RECIPES.

As I am much interested in economic cookery and like to try the recipes sent

in by the sisters, which, by the way, I have always found excellent, I will return the various favors received with a few of my own recipes.

One of the best and least troublesome ways of using bits of cold meat I have ever discovered is hash. I know a great many people have an antipathy to this article of food, but let such chop cold meat fine, add two-thirds chopped potato, moisten with a little gravy, salt and pepper to taste; melt a spoonful of butter in the frying-pan, put in the hash, toss or stir with a fork until well heated through, then spread evenly and set back on the range where it will not burn, to remain until a nice brown crust is formed. Serve on a hot platter, folding together like an omelet when removed from the spider. Hash made of the various vegetable remnants of a boiled dinner is also nice. In fact, nothing need be wasted if one sets about using it in the right way.

SAVOY PLUM-CAKE.—Five cups of sugar, one of butter, one of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in four large spoonfuls of cream, one spoonful each of cinnamon and grated nutmeg, two cupfuls of stoned and chopped raisins, and flour to roll. Roll three-fourths to one inch thick, and cut in squares or small loaves. Bake in a rather quick oven, taking care that it is not hot enough to burn. Half this recipe is sufficient for a small family, although the cake keeps well if in a covered receptacle. It is a favorite in our family.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One and one-half cups of molasses, one-half cup each of lard (or butter) and sour milk (cream if you have it), one egg, a scant teaspoonful of soda, and one of ginger. I frequently make this cake without the egg by putting a little more flour than the recipe calls for, which is three cupfuls. Molasses cake burns easily, therefore be careful the oven is not too hot. It is also improved by beating the molasses and shortening together to a light foam.

Can any of the sisters tell me where I can obtain directions for making the "pillow" or "bobbin" lace so popular in certain districts of England?

MRS. A. M. F.

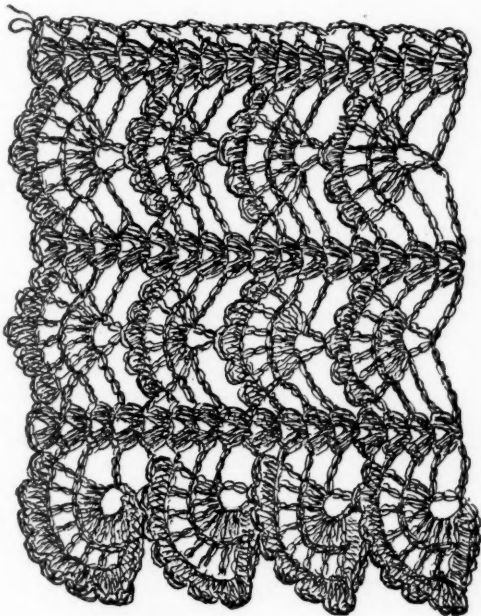
HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

PRETTY CROCHETED LACE AND INSERTION.

THIS handsome crocheted lace is designed to meet the wants of those who wish for a neat and pretty but simple pattern that may be made broader or narrower as desired, with a small but distinct point at the edge. One never tires of such laces as soon as of those with large points or scallops, and they

First row—Two tr, one ch, two tr (a shell) in fourth stitch of ch, * ch four, pass six, one tr, one ch, one tr in next stitch, ch four, pass six, shell in next, repeat from * once, ch four, one dc, five ch, one dc in last stitch, ch two, turn.

Second row—Nine tr in five ch, ch two, shell in shell *, ch two, seven tr in one ch between two tr, ch two, shell in shell, repeat from * once, one tr in three ch at top, ch three, turn.



PRETTY CROCHETED LACE AND INSERTION.

can be ironed much more easily. To increase or decrease the width of the pattern add or omit from the number of stitches given fourteen stitches for each stripe. It is very pretty made of white or tinted crochet cotton, from No. 50 to No. 80, according as one wishes the work heavy or fine. No. 30, which may be obtained in various colors, is nice for lace for household decoration.

To begin the lace, as illustrated, work a chain of forty stitches, and turn.

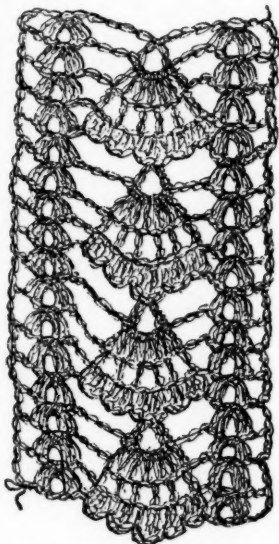
Third row—Shell in shell, * one tr, one ch between each of seven tr (six trebles), shell in shell, repeat from * once, one tr, one ch between each of nine tr, ch one, three dc over last tr, three dc over next two ch, one dc in end of ch, turn.

Fourth row—Work a dc in each dc to point, one dc, two tr, one dc in each one chain, shell in shell, * one dc, two tr, one dc in each one ch, shell in shell, repeat from * once, one tr in three ch at the top of row, turn.

Fifth row (or first row after beginning)—Shell in shell, * ch four, one tr, one ch, one tr in middle scallop of the five at edge of pattern, ch four, shell in shell, repeat from * once, ch four, one dc, five ch, one dc in second little scallop from last shell, ch two, turn.

Next begin at second row.

INSERTION TO MATCH.—The insertion, for brevity's sake, is shown in the narrow width in our sketch; wider insertion may readily be worked from the same directions by adding fourteen stitches to the



INSERTION TO MATCH.

chain at beginning, thus producing a double pattern. Both widths of insertion above the lace given make a rich and beautiful decoration for an infant's dress, or a lady's skirt or apron.

Chain twenty-two stitches, turn.

First row—Two tr, one ch, two tr (a shell) in fifth stitch of ch, ch four, pass six, one tr, one ch, one tr in next, ch four, pass six, shell in next stitch, one tr in end of ch, ch three, turn.

Second row—Shell in shell, ch two, seven tr in one ch, ch two, shell in shell, one tr in edge ch, ch three, turn.

Third row—Shell in shell, one tr, one ch between each of seven tr, shell in shell, one tr in edge ch, ch three, turn.

Fourth row—Shell in shell, one dc, two tr, one dc in each one ch to shell (five little scallops), shell in shell, one tr in edge ch, ch three, turn.

Fifth row—Shell in shell, ch four, one tr, one ch, one tr in middle scallop of five, ch four, shell in shell, one tr in edge ch, ch three, turn.

Begin again at second row.

FRANCES H. PERRY.

CROCHET LACE.

CHAIN seventeen stitches, work one sc in third st from hook, ch eighteen, turn.

First row—One tr in eighth st, ch two, pass two, tr in next, ch six, one sc close to first side of picot (taking up two threads), ch three, sc in top of picot, ch three, sc close to other side of picot (two threads), ch six, pass six, tr in next, ch two, pass two, tr in next, ch two, pass two, tr in last st, ch five, turn.

Second row—Tr in tr, ch two, tr in next tr, ch three, sc in fourth st of six ch, seven tr in three ch, ch three and work a sc in first of three (a picot), seven tr in next three ch, sc in third st of six ch, ch three, tr in tr, ch two, tr in next tr, ch two, tr in third st of ch at top, ch five, turn.

Third row—Tr in tr, ch two, tr in next tr, ch six, fasten as before at side of picot, ch three, fasten in top of picot, ch three, fasten in other side of picot, ch six, tr in tr, ch two, tr in next tr, ch two, tr in third st at top, ch five, turn.

Fourth row—Same as second.

Fifth row—Same as third.

Sixth row—Same as second row till the last tr is worked; there will then be six open squares along the edge of the work—the second one from the hook forms the beginning or centre of the edge scallop; work twelve tr in this second square and fasten with a sc at left of third square, ch two, fasten again at left of next square, turn.

Seventh row—Work a tr in every tr of scallop (taking up two threads) and a tr in the tr at beginning of the straight heading (thirteen tr), ch two, rest of row like third row.

Eighth row—Like second row till last tr is worked; then ch one, tr between first and second tr in scallop one ch one

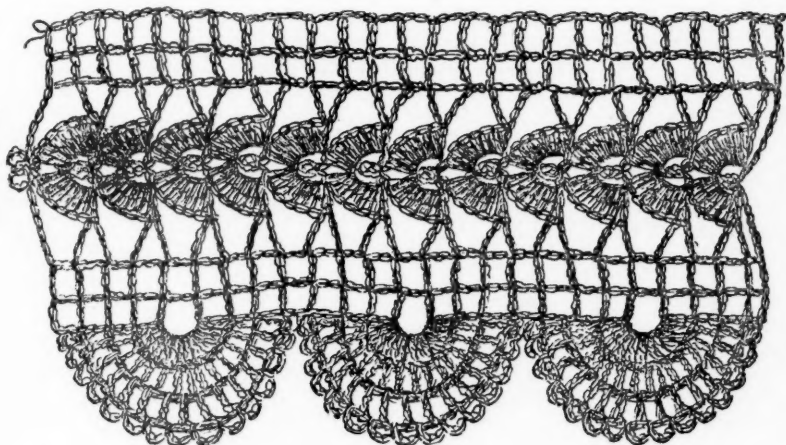
tr between next two, and so go on around the scallop, finishing with one ch and fastening at left of next square, ch three, turn.

Ninth row—Fasten with a close sc over first one ch, * ch three, fasten over next one ch, repeat from * around the scallop, ch three, fasten in tr at beginning

come in small tubes, soft camel-hair brushes, a pallet knife, and a pallet that comes purposely for china painting.

A bottle of turpentine, one of alcohol, a small one of balsam of copavia oil, and another of fat-oil of turpentine are required for this work.

Plates are the easiest for beginners.



CROCHET LACE.

of heading (fifteen little scallops), ch five, rest of row like third row.

Begin again at second row.

There will always be six open squares at the lower edge of the heading when ready to begin a new scallop. Every scallop after the first should be connected to the preceding one as follows:

When finishing the eighth row—after fastening at left of square—instead of three ch, ch one, put hook through last little scallop at edge of preceding scallop, and draw a st through that and the stitch on needle, ch one, turn; this keeps the scallops in place and strengthens the edge.

Handsome insertion, to match, is produced by omitting the scallops.

FRANCES H. PERRY

DECORATED CHINA.

THERE is nothing more fascinating in decorative work than painting on china. Patience and perseverance are absolutely necessary for this work. Lacroix mineral paints should be used, which

First be sure that your dish, whatever it is, is perfectly clean and perfect, for when fired every spot or blemish will show the plainer. Turpentine it well and sketch in with a lead-pencil your design. Single flowers are preferable for china painting, and the simpler the design the prettier usually. Above all, avoid stiffness or clumsy flowers. Buttercups, violets, and daisies are pretty and simple and easier sketched than many other flowers.

The chief beauty in decorated china is originality and grace. A set of tea-plates that are all different and have been admired for their dainty and yet simple designs have daisies, buttercups, clover blossoms, wild roses, violets, forget-me-nots, morning-glories, holly berries, yellow roses, a tiny landscape with grasses and wild berries around it, hair bells with two bumble bees perched on some grasses, and fire-leaf ivy done in monochrome. A salad dish has a band of basket-work around the edge tinted a delicate maize, and a spray of clover blossoms and a four-leaf clover at one side. Another larger one has grasses, yellow and purple primroses

with their leaves, which look ready to pick. A dainty bread-and-milk or oatmeal set has forget-me-nots or wild roses carelessly dropped here and there. Two cups and saucers that look almost too pretty to use have a narrow frieze all around of daisies and forget-me-nots. A fancy bread-plate is heavily gilded and has a large spray of barberries on it. Sugar bowls and creamers should be decorated to match and come in all sorts of odd shapes. Violets, pink and yellow roses, forget-me-nots, buttercups, and trailing arbutus are all pretty designs for them.

Tulips, thistles, and poppies are used on large dishes, and are striking and effective, although not as dainty and pretty as finer designs. A pickle-dish has a spray of blue myrtle and the glossy myrtle leaves.

Fruit-plates have currants, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, and other fruits, but fruits are more difficult and many times less satisfactory than flowers on china. Individual butter-plates should be very simple, with only a four-leaf clover, a butterfly, a bumble bee, or a single flower. Landscapes are pretty on almost any dish, but require more skill in painting and should be fired twice. Do not think you must have a complete set of china, but paint odd pieces from time to time as you have leisure. One great feature in china painting is that it can be all rubbed out with a soft rag and turpentine if not satisfactory after it is finished. Of course, I mean before it is burned in. For tinting the utmost care must be used not to have it spotted or too deep in tint. The pale tints of blue, pink, green, and maize are preferable to the deeper shades, and tinting colors must be used to have good success. Amateurs are apt to tint too heavily and with other than tinting colors, and then wonder why their work is not satisfactory and so deep in color. For tinting mix sufficient paint with a few drops of balsam of copavia oil and a little turpentine, and spread on with a soft brush very evenly and lightly. Make a blender of soft white silk (old will answer all purposes), with a small piece of cotton wool inside, and tied up like a little ball, and pat lightly until dry.

Have all work perfectly dry, and if necessary dry in the oven or on top of the

stove before packing. This may change the color, but firing will restore it. All gilding should be done when it is fired. Wrap each piece separately in tissue or other fine paper, and pack in a box large enough to admit sufficient excelsior, straw, or paper to keep all steady, particularly the corners. The bottom and top should have several thicknesses of paper and excelsior. All directions (and they should be very explicit) should be sent with the china. I have known of china being sent in thin pasteboard boxes without being wrapped up at all, and then people wondered why it was broken. Reliable places can be found in most large cities like Chicago, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, where china can be fired. Goods are always well packed when they are returned from the kiln.

CARRIE M. ASHTON.

SHORT CUTS.

BINDING QUILTS AND COMFORTERS.

"OH! dear! I rather enjoyed tacking these comforters, but when it comes to binding them all around I must say I dread it," said Mrs. Ainslie, one of a neighborly group of three who were chatting sociably over their sewing and knitting one afternoon, recently. "Just see what a long strip it takes!" she exclaimed, holding up a long trailing band of red. "And that is only enough for one, and I've three more to bind."

A tired sigh followed as the hands were dropped and the measuring and pinning went on again hurriedly.

"I must have these done this week," she added, a moment later, "and it is Friday now."

"Perhaps I can help you a little, tomorrow, but do you always bind them? common, plain comforters, I mean?" asked Mrs. Bates, hesitatingly. She knew Mrs. Ainslie was very particular about her work, and had no patience with the short cuts and makeshifts by which she herself sought to lessen her daily labor. But at Mrs. Ainslie's surprised, inquiring look, she braced up and said, heroically, "I never bound any of mine except two or three nice, handsome quilts."

"What do you do, then?" said Mrs. Ainslie, with wide-open eyes. "Of course

you don't—that is—I suppose—even *you* wouldn't let them go—"

Then she stopped, blushing furiously, as she perceived that that little word "even" and the emphatic "*you*" had revealed her estimate of her neighbor's methods rather too plainly. But a merry chorus of laughter from Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Colman assured her that no offense was taken, and kind-hearted little Mrs. Bates hastened to relieve her embarrassment by saying, laughingly:

"Oh! never mind, I know what you think of my makeshifts; but I don't care as long as you are good enough to think there *is* a limit beyond which 'even *I*' will not go."

"O Mrs. Bates!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainslie, deprecatingly, joining in the merriment at her own expense.

"No, I don't let them go raw edged," went on Mrs. Bates, "if that is what you began to say—thank you for thinking that even I would not do that—but I *do* make one row of basting and stitching answer instead of a binding, with all the work it makes, to say nothing of the saving of material. 'How do I do it?' Why, I simply turn in evenly, and crease the edges of both cover and lining—turn them in toward each other, of course, and baste and then stitch them on the machine about a quarter of an inch from the edge; I turn in nearly an inch to give strength to the edge, so there is no danger of any escaping raw edges or ravelings. I'll just step over and get one of them, and you can see for yourself."

"But do they wear well so?" Mrs. Ainslie asked, after seeing the work and reluctantly admitting that it did "look well enough."

"The idea!" exclaimed brisk Mrs. Colman, who had been an amused listener to the conversation. "I've *always* finished mine that way, and if the rest of the quilt would last as long as the edges do I should be glad. Why, I don't even bind my *best* ones as you say you do, Mrs. Bates. I've got a way that is worth two of that—looks *just* as well and isn't half the work."

"Oh! do tell us about it! I want all the *good* labor-saving ideas I can get; and if they happen to *look well*, so much the better," said Mrs. Bates, merrily.

"I've noticed labor-saving ideas often 'look well'—much better than the half-

done work they produce does," said Mrs. Ainslie, with mischievous curtness.

"Oh! don't bother to weigh words, Mrs. Ainslie, at least not till your comforters are done. It's ideas I'm after. When you find out to finish up your comforters easily this very day, and so gain all to-morrow afternoon for that sleigh-ride you thought you must give up, you'll say two or three heads are better than one, even if some of them are full of makeshifts."

"That's so," laughed Mrs. Colman, rapidly threading a needle from Mrs. Ainslie's basket. "This is the way I spoke of," she said, picking up one of the comforters lying near. "I see this has a lining that matches a part of the covering; if it had a white or unbleached muslin lining—which I detest—it would not do. There," she went on working swiftly all the while, "if any cotton comes within an inch of the edge I clip it out; then I take both edges together and turn them over toward the right side twice—like turning any common half-inch hem, baste it down smoothly and stitch it close to the folded edge. There! you can see how it would look—exactly like a stitched binding on the right side and perfectly plain and smooth on the wrong side."

"Well, if that isn't simple enough!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainslie. "Looks exactly like a binding, too, as you said. I wonder I never thought of that before—"

"You didn't think of it now! That's what I said," broke in Mrs. Bates, gleefully, "'two or three heads,' you know. *One* head can't hold *all* of the ideas."

"I am glad we happened to be talking of this, Mrs. Colman," she added, more seriously. "I like this way; it makes a good strong edge, too."

"Another little notion of mine," said Mrs. Colman, whose brisk needle was swiftly nearing the end of one side, "is to round off a bit from the corners; of course it makes no real difference—only it looks better to me—saves the little sharp point that is of no use whatever."

"Show us how it looks, won't you?" said Mrs. Bates.

"I can't without cutting off a little," said Mrs. Colman, looking questioningly at their hostess.

"You are teaching this class," she

answered smilingly, "go on with your lesson, if you please."

"It is all told, I think," laughed Mrs. Colman, giving her scissors a curving clip around the corner, snipping off a piece about an inch and a half deep at the centre, and laying it carefully by to serve as a pattern for the other corners. In a few moments she held up her work nicely basted around the corner, and well on toward the middle of the second side. "There it is," she announced, awaiting their verdict. "Do you like it?"

"Yes, I do very much," said Mrs. Ainslie, promptly, "so well that I mean to finish them all that way. I have proved an easy convert to short cuts after all, haven't I, Mrs. Bates, and I really believe I can do as you said, have them all done to-night, too."

"If I do," she added, brightening up

suddenly, as she went to the door with her departing guests, "I'll ask Arthur to take the double sleigh to-morrow, and drive round after you both at two o'clock and we'll all have a ride out over Prospect Hill; they say the sleighing is delightful out that way. Wouldn't you like to go?"

"Like to go? Ask a bird if it would like to fly!" exclaimed Mrs. Colman, running down the walk, "I haven't been in a sleigh this winter."

"I shall enjoy it so much," said Mrs. Bates. "Thank you for the invitation. I'll be ready, watching, at two," and away she hurried to join her friend, but paused at the gate to call back, with mock beseeching, "but go back to your old beliefs to-morrow, won't you, dear Mrs. Ainslie. No 'short cuts' for me when I go sleighing."

FRANCES H. PERRY.

FROM experiments at Bell Rock and Skerryvore light-house, on the coast of Scotland, it is found that, while the force of the breakers on the side of the German Ocean may be taken at about a ton and a half to every square foot of exposed surface, the Atlantic side throws breakers with double that force, or three tons to the square foot; thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to fifty-four tons.

JAPANESE fashion commands that every woman, when married, or who has past the age in which she is likely to be married, shall stain her teeth black. This is done with much trouble and with repeated renewals. The fashion is said to have originated centuries ago among the nobility, and hence prevails with all other classes.

A GAME FOR CHILDREN. One of the prettiest little games for children is called the "Wool Ball." The children are seated around a perfectly smooth-topped table. A little raw-wool is formed into a light ball and placed in the centre

of the table. The children then commence to blow toward it, each one trying to drive it from him and off the table if possible; and the child who allows it to pass his right side and fall on to the floor is excused from the table, and stands by the wall. Each one who allows the ball to pass by and fall on to the floor retires in line. The longer the ball is kept on the table, every one blowing as hard as possible, the more amusing the game becomes.

EVERY quality of the human mind, however valuable in itself, loses much of that value by being developed out of proportion to some other contrasting quality. Even virtues may in this way run into vices. Self-respect, unbalanced by respect for others, degenerates into egotism and pride; affection and amiability, unattended by firm principle, lapse into weak concession; benevolence without judgment begets pauperism.

HONOR is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least impurity without harm; it is a precious stone the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

WINTER COSTUMES.

BLACK silk has become once more fashionable for winter visiting gowns, and the reason is not difficult to find, for few gowns wear and look so well as a good black silk, which can be worn with various bonnets, a change in gloves and bonnet and a different jabot or vest making quite an alteration in the costume. Moreover, with the present close-fitting coats, a silk dress is advisable, and the coat slips on and off far more readily.

Rich gros-grains, faille Française, and handsome peau de soie are the leading favorites, but the latter is more suitable to the matron, and faille is younger and brighter in effect. A charming style for black silk is the "Louis Quinze" coat, with jet buttons, and vest of brocade, fastened with smaller fancy buttons of paste, filigree, enamel, or cut steel.

Most of the skirts are plain round the front and sides, but the long basques take off the severe plainness, and there are generally gathered frills with French hems, but not always completely round the skirt.

The straight, full back is more becoming than where the frills go quite round, and also permits of more fullness in the skirt.

For a matron who is not unduly stout, although not possessing the extreme slightness of youth, the coat with long basque is by no means unbecoming, and the soft jabot of lace and hanging cuffs of lace accord prettily with a smart little cap or head-dress, and form a dressy toilette.

Girdles are worn on dresses of all kinds and on smart tea-gowns. Jet is much used on black, and a girdle plentifully mixed with jet is much used to outline the basques of silk gowns when the top has usually jet let in as a species of yoke, with the silk coming up over it in points or in fanciful braces. Other bodices are made with a deep corselet or Swiss bodice of silk-edged jet, and occasionally with a deep vandyked fringe of jet forming a basque.

The top of such bodices are full, either slightly gathered and the fullness kept well to the centre or set in flat plaits coming both from shoulder and neck. All of these fashions are very easily managed

upon a close-fitting lining if the bodice lining is joined up into three parts, viz., the back entire and two fronts when the top is fixed first and the lower part added to finish. None of these bodices are plain, but usually have some gathers or tightly-drawn fullness toward the waist, in fact, the bosom gores are rarely made in the material, nor is there a centre seam in the back.

Wafer-spotted cashmeres and boules are exceedingly effective made up with plain material, or silk of the same shade as the wool, and with large velvet wafers. is extremely *chic* made up with plain woolen material, particularly in black, grays, heliotrope, and other sound shades.

A very simple little evening gown, made on inexpensive black satin, had yoke, sleeves, and front of velvet-spotted grenadine laid flat over the satin, and the basque outlined with velvet ribbon edged with one row of tiny black beads and broad ends in girdle fashion.

The remainder of gown of plain silk grenadine, bright and silky, not the harsh, wiry texture sometimes called grenadine, but a thick network of non-transparent and silky meshes.

Little bouquets of Parma violets in hair and bodice gave a slight touch of relief to a pretty little frock.

On page 168 on the right hand is another example of wafer-spotted material, this in heliotrope with the spots of a deep petunia tint with plain heliotrope foulé and a silk girdle of the mixed shades. The back and front of bodice are exactly similar, and the top of the sleeve, cut in one piece, forms a full puff on a tight-fitting lining. The top of the plain material is corded and slightly scalloped.

The fur-trimmed model is lined with flannel in the upper part and may be worn with a fur tippet or a "Tudor" cape of plush and fur. The skirt is very narrow, in fact, almost like a paletot, and the fur border outlines the whole.

The plush tippet is very pretty, may be worn over any costume or jacket, and easily made at home.

The toilette shown at the top of the page forms a combination of plain and check material, or the fancy part may be of silk or velvet in spots, stripes or fancy designs. The whole gown is made on a Princesse foundation and

fastens on the right side, the extension of drapery then passing across to the left, bones, and below the waist the material forms two box-plaits, with a number of



where it is secured with hooks and eyelet holes.

The back has a deep V of fancy stuff running well down between the blade-

small flat ones in the centre, but barely showing at the top. The sleeve is novel and can be cut in one, the top plaited over, or the puff may be added.

Three of the newest designs for winter wear are depicted on this page. The gown with the deep basque is made of the warm-

sleeves are of brown velvet, which, meeting the bear, mingles with it delightfully in color and forms a contrast to the hue



looking dahlia-colored cloth that is purple and yet has a tinge of flame in it, trimmed with the fur of the Isabelline bear and a hand-stitched braiding. The

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of the cloth, a mode of treatment that will find much favor with modistes this winter. A cloth hat, edged with stiff brown lace with a *souçon* of velvet,

and two birds carelessly perched on the top completes a useful and stylish costume.

The house dress is charming in its simplicity, and illustrates one of the recognized tenets of the season, namely, that simplicity allied with handsome material and perfection of cut and character of design will be a leading ambition in the dressmaking world.

The costume shown is intended to be carried out in mouse-colored cloth, with a drapery of royal blue velvet, a zouave and pointed belt of the same, edged with velvet disks, and sleeves wherein the idea is repeated. A combination of heliotrope and deep pansy velvet, or of apricot brown, and the full rich color of the fruit at its ripest would also be permissible and handsome. A smart type of costume for out-door wear is displayed on the centre figure. It has a skirt of creamy brown, brocaded with a large floral pattern in a lovely russet color, over a skirt of russet velvet and a straight back drapery. The bodice or over-dress has a double effect, is pointed in front, and at the back is arranged in another point, each one being edged with a little silk passementerie. The deep Medicis collar is bordered with

feather trimming in cream brown, which reappears in the form of a vest on the fronts of the skirt and on the stiff Prince Charlie cuffs that finish the tight velvet elbow sleeves.

No cloth garment ever looks well made or has a perfect finish unless the iron is carefully used, and it is well to remember that harsh, stubborn material may easily be pressed flat if a piece of dry soap is run down over the stitching on each side before the seams are opened. Any wrinkles, undue fullness or creases may likewise be worked out of cloth by placing over them, on the wrong side, a little square or strip of damp rag and then working with a moderately hot iron.

It is by these trifling details that the tailor gets that smooth, perfect-fitting effect which looks as if the figure had been molded to the garment instead of the garment being adapted to the figure. In fact, the iron (or goose, as it is professionally termed), plays a most important part in the tailor's workroom, and creases or wrinkles, which in a silk gown cause much anxiety to the modiste, are in cloth "shrunk out" and worked away with the mysterious strip of rag and the heated iron.

PUBLISHERS.

IN addition to the offers of free novels, the works of Charles Dickens, and the mammoth Cyclopædia, we this month make an offer on pages 10 and 11 of Wood's Natural History, which is well worth the attention of every reader of the HOME. This work on Natural History is one of the most useful books that can be put in the library of any family, and it is especially valuable as an educator; not alone for children, but for grown people as well. The author is the most eminent writer on the subject, and from first to last will be found a most entertaining and delightful companion. The ground covered by the work is the animal kingdom of the whole world, and a full, accurate description is given which cannot be duplicated in any other work, however expensive. This book alone is worth double the price which we charge for it in club with the HOME MAGAZINE, but in addition to this those who avail themselves of our offer to send the book as a premium for the effort to obtain readers for the HOME will receive also from the publishers a very fine picture of "The Lion at Home," a copy of a celebrated picture and one of the finest of the kind that we have seen. The

editor bought one of these books and pictures for his own use the moment he saw it, and any of our readers who take advantage of this offer will be very glad that they did it. We reserve the right to withdraw the offer at any time, because large as the edition of the book is, the prospect is that the demand will be still larger, and we may not be able to send it if orders are not sent in promptly.

A NOVEL and popular plan for selling pianos and organs has been introduced by the Marchal & Smith Piano Co. of New York. They make it easy for any one to buy of them and by giving a trial in your own home you are sure of being suited if you buy of them.

Their instruments must be beautiful as well as perfect to be sold in this way, and the expressions of delight that come from their patrons show that they possess many grand and noble qualities. The liberal dealings of the Marchal & Smith Piano Co. deserve approval and should be tested by all who want a piano or an organ. Those who wish for particulars, address them at 235 East 21st Street, New York.



GRETEL.